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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1932

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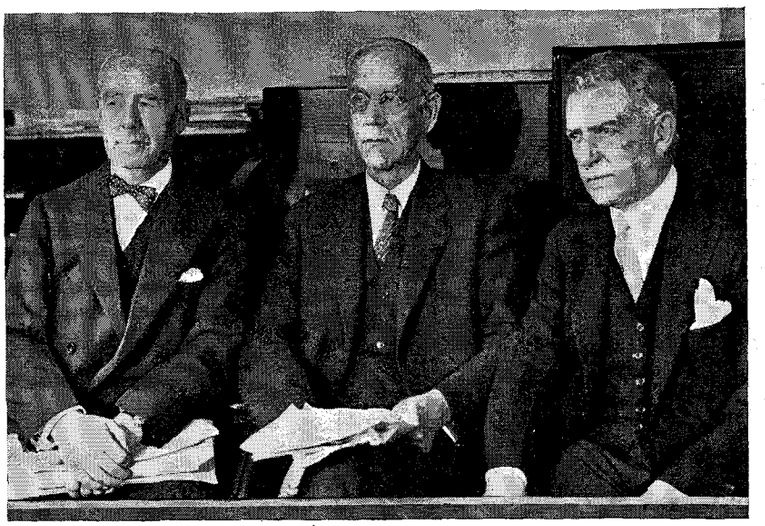
TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Parade of the International Bankers

THE PARADE BEGINS—into the meeting-room of the Senate Finance Committee—the suave, urbane, quizzically smiling Lamont, youthfully garbed in double-breasted blue suit and polka-dotted bow-tie; the thickset, heavy-featured Mitchell, also blue-suited, but more formally adorned with gray tie fastened with pin of lustrous pearl; Otto Kahn, looking the famous patron of the arts, with pointed white mustachios and, when he speaks, a slight Teutonic accent.

Here on exhibition are our leading "banksters"—a rather sinister-sounding word of recent French coinage—"merchant bankers" according to English usage; just international bankers, in the words of the Senate resolution which brings them to Washington to be quizzed and heckled by a baker's dozen of Senators. Besides Mr. Smoot's Finance Committee, there is conspicuously present the contentious Hiram Johnson—on guard like Cerberus, one correspondent sees him.

The idea of the investigation sponsored by Senator Johnson was exprest by the Senator in these words: "I want to find out how much American bankers hold of the $17,000,000,000 which has been loaned to Europe, how much they allocated to small banks and investors, and how much they made out of the deal."



International

An Apostle Sits Down With the Bankers

Here (at the reader's left) is Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Company, and at the right Charles E. Mitchell, head of the National City Bank, and between them is Reed Smoot, Apostle of the Mormon Church and Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee which heard the bankers' testimony.

No sensational revelations are noted by watchful editors. Nothing but suave "evasion," in the St. Louis *Star*'s phrase. Only "a patient and realistic explanation of a few facts about international banking," according to the New York *Herald Tribune*. But, at any rate, as several papers point out, the testimony had an immediate reassuring effect on the stock and bond market, revealing, in the Hartford *Courant's* words, "that foreign-bond issues and short-term loans floated in the United States do not constitute a danger to our banks."

Mr. Lamont came first. This partner of the J. P. Morgan firm carried a few documents in a paper portfolio. Diplomatic to a fault, it was noticed that during the three hours' talking he did not address any one of the fourteen Senators present without calling him correctly by name. Quite at ease, as tho talking back to a roomful of Senators was no particularly harassing experience, Mr. Lamont occasionally interjected a note of humor, and even ventured to trade witticisms with the deadly serious Johnson.

And what did the Senators learn from Thomas W. Lamont? Summing up several columns of news dispatches from Washington, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says:

"He gave assurances that there were no evidences of the feared 'break-up' in Germany; that the banks are in nowise overloaded with securities that would not ultimately be redeemed; that recession from the gold standard would merely mean it would take a larger number of marks to pay the indebtedness, which is stated in gold dollars."

"EXAGGERATED" and "fantastic," according to this authority, are all the stories that our banks are perilously loaded up with foreign securities. Mr. Lamont told of bond issues floated by the Morgan Company for twelve countries since 1920, involving a total of $1,807,578,000.

In handling these loans the Morgan firm took its profits in a share of the "gross spread," or the difference between the amount the borrowing Government would receive for the bonds and the price at which they were eventually sold to the public. This gross spread might be anywhere from 3 to 6 per cent. Sometimes the Morgan firm's own compensation would be extremely modest. The witness smilingly declared that he would be "mortified" to "reveal how small our commission was in some of these cases."

Mr. Lamont insisted that no bank was ever coerced to do its part in distributing a loan. He declared that the great bulk of the foreign loans had gone into the hands of the ultimate consumers. In this banker's opinion, "it is a very deplorable thing that in the present deprest state of the world affairs, our private investors have been obliged to witness severe declines in United States Government bonds, in foreign government bonds, in railroad bonds, in industrial bonds, and every kind of bonds." In other words, "it has been and is to-day the great investing public upon which those declines have chiefly fallen, rather than on the banks."

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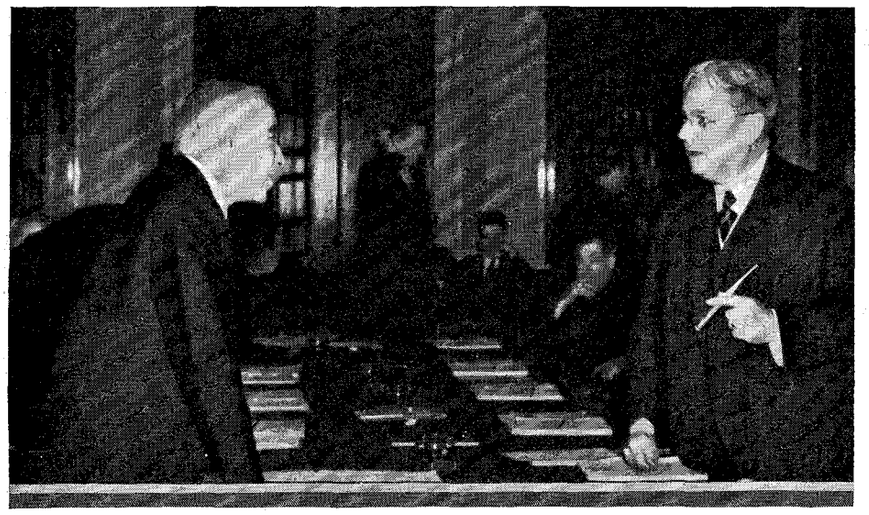
Of the short-term credits to Germany, Mr. Lamont said that the extent of the holdings of American banks has been much exaggerated. The largest amount of credit outstanding in any single bank, he said, is about $70,000,000, and this is so large a bank that such a sum is "not a matter of danger or even of comment."

CHAIRMAN CHARLES E. MITCHELL of the National City Bank kept the discussion on a serious plane throughout. H. J. T. Horan of the Washington *Post* tells how the banker, at one point in the discussion, shook "a warning finger at the members of the Committee, and gave them such an unvarnished picture of future world financial events that they sat back in silence" while he said things like these, as quoted in the New York *Times:*



International

Banker Kahn and Senator Johnson Have It Out

Here are Mr. Kahn (left) and the Senator facing each other as they indulge in one of their verbal tilts during the banker's session with the Finance Committee.

"Here we have in Germany to-day young men going into the universities of Germany, who were not born when the Great War started. Those young men see that not only they, but their progeny, and the progeny of their progeny, must pay and go on for these generations in paying a debt for which they, as individuals, were not responsible.

"They feel that they are under the heavy yoke, and my impression is that there is growing, as a result thereof, rebellion against the payment of the debt.

"I think it is something that is readily understandable, and if you ask me if it is my opinion that Germany will go through this entire period and pay off the amount of debt that has been set up under these various plans for her to pay, I can not conceive it to be possible, because I think that it will bring rebellion."

COMPARABLE with the Lamont list of Morgan financings, was the list of the National City Bank flotations, largely German. These issues totaled $4,332,362,000, and the total National City Bank profits on the sales were $24,755,003. Mr. Mitchell said nothing about being mortified at the size of this profit. Quoting Federal Reserve figures, Mr. Mitchell told the Committee that out of $7,856,000,000 of publicly floated bonds outstanding in this country at the end of 1930, about $6,600,000,000 were on June 30 last in the hands of individuals or institutions other than Federal Reserve banks or insurance companies. Together, Messrs. Lamont and Mitchell, as Franklyn Waltman, Jr., of the Baltimore *Sun* notes, "revealed that the House of Morgan and the National City Bank from the end of the World War to the present, have floated in this country approximately one-third of the foreign bonds issued here." Their testimony, continues Mr. Waltman, failed to substantiate the idea that our international bankers would profit by the moratorium and further war-debt revision, but rather disclosed that "whatever interest the international bankers have had in foreign securities, they have transferred to the small bankers of the country and to the investing public."

Banker number three, Mr. Otto H. Kahn of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, also testified to his firm's individual flotations, and talked long and earnestly to the following effect, as Albert L. Warner of the New York *Herald Tribune* sums up a series of questions and answers:

"That the American public and not the bankers hold the several billions in private bonds which have been issued for foreign Governments and industries in this country.

"That the ordinary people of this country, the farmers, workingmen, and merchants, and not primarily the bankers, are the people whose interests are at stake in the international economic situation.

"That Germany in the end will pay its debts if it is not driven through desperation to the point of cracking.

"That Great Britain should be shown particular consideration in any readjustments of governmental debts, because of the terms of its debt settlement with the United States, the present economic condition of Britain, and the scrupulous care with which it has met to the full its obligations in the past.

"That France has the capacity to pay its present debt payments in full to the United States, but that in any general consideration of the world's economic problems, political elements must be taken into account."

MR. KAHN was frequently moved to vigorous utterance such as—

"If it were possible to find a way by which all these reparations and war debts which hang around the neck of the world like a millstone could be taken out and sunk in the ocean, I should welcome it."

And this—

"If ever a nation is entitled to get its money back, the United States was entitled to get its war debts back. We went into the war and we did our full share, God knows. We asked for none of the spoils, and we got what we asked for—none. But I do not think that it is a matter of justice; it is a matter of expediency, and I think it should be dealt with as a matter of expediency."

Mr. Kahn denied emphatically Congressman McFadden's assertion that the Kuhn, Loeb firm, and particularly partner Paul Warburg, had suggested or in any way influenced the Hoover moratorium. Incidentally, his firm has floated more than $1,000,000,000 in foreign loans since the war. He estimates that German short-term credits now held in this country total a little more than $600,000,000.

SINCE Senator Hiram Johnson played the leading rôle in putting these bankers on the witness-stand, it is only fair to quote what he said to a Washington *Post* reporter following the testimony of Mr. Lamont and Mr. Mitchell:

"Two great banking establishments are shown to have put upon the American market approximately three billion of foreign securities, and the representatives of each of these houses say, substantially, that they were engaged as merchants disposing of the merchandise in which they deal to the American people.

"They testified freely that their profits were many, many millions. The condition of the securities sold is now known to them all. It's pretty tough on the American people not only to be loaded down with foreign securities that have depreciated but to be required now by a crushing burden of taxation to pay foreign debts."

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BOUND AUG 20 '32

Washington's Bear Hunt

BOOM AH DE AH DA—BOOM! BOOM!

The big drum of the Washington paraders draws nearer to Wall Street as Senators vie with one another swinging the stick.

For months the rumble of the drum has been heard dimly in the distance; now its reverberations echo across the land from sea to sea as the long-threatened Congressional invasion of Wall Street nears a climax.

But the paraders have more than a drum. They are armed for bear—of the Wall Street variety, of course—and they are eager to make a killing. They are out for bear—the raider who wreaks havoc among flocks of stocks—the short seller, and they hope to nail his pelt on the door of the Capitol.

Watching these developments is a vast army of shivering depression-sufferers, who are wondering to what extent, if any, their woes can be laid to Wall Street. Listening to the recent thunder of debate, they have heard the short seller of stocks denounced as a public menace, as a wrecker of prices who is preventing the return of prosperity. On the other hand, they have heard this same short seller lauded for playing a beneficent rôle, a person who not only prevents bull markets from running to crazy heights, but who also kindly acts as a "cushion" when the avalanche begins.

One of the most vigorous opponents of the short seller is Senator Capper of Kansas, who declared, according to the New York *Times:*

"It is time for the Government to step in and stop the vicious and menacing gambling in stocks and commodities which goes on in our great markets and unsettles business.

"The short-selling game is now the biggest racket in the gambling market.

"Regardless of resulting distortion of values and the wrecking of normal and wholesome conditions of commerce and industry, this practise has its highest expression on the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade.

"In this time of depression, the stock-market gamblers have frequently attacked the nationally owned securities of sound and successful businesses, and have exerted a destructive influence beyond estimate on the prosperity of the country.

"The last three years have shown the evils of short selling, and Congress, in my opinion, is prepared to enact legislation that will regulate short selling or prohibit it altogether."

FOUR bills aimed at Wall Street bears are now before Senate committees, we read, two of them sponsored by Senator Capper. One of these would authorize the Federal Trade Commission to regulate short selling, and in certain instances prohibit it; the other would impose a tax of 25 per cent. on the profits of short selling. A third bill, by Senator Glass, Virginia, proposes to tax stock sales made within sixty days 5 per cent. But "the most drastic move to stop short selling," we are told, is that proposed by Senator Brookhart, Iowa, who has reintroduced his bill prohibiting the use of the mails, telephone, and telegraph for short-sale transactions.

But Wall Street is not taking a beating lying down. Through its young president, Richard Whitney, the New York Stock Exchange defends short selling as a market essential.

"It is not short selling but liquidation which has been responsible for the decline in security prices," declared Mr. Whitney in an address at Syracuse, New York. And he added:

"If we attempt to interfere and to impose artificial restrictions upon either the purchaser or seller of securities, we are bound to create an abnormal and unnatural market which will ultimately bring about worse evils than those we seek to cure. . . .

"The Exchange, as an institution, must be impartial. It can not for expediency or convenience assist prices to rise when they are low or depress prices when they are high.

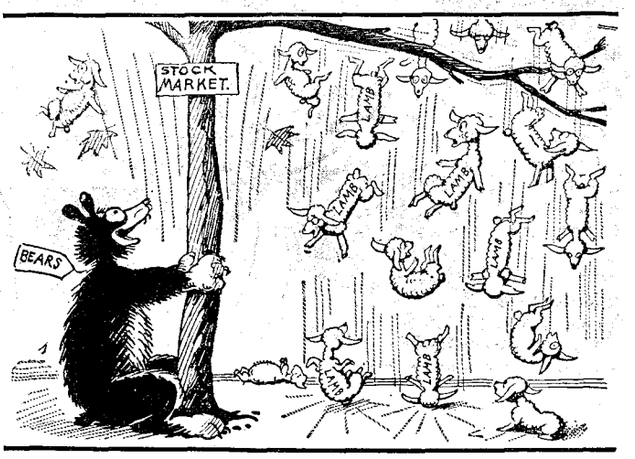
"It is because the Exchange knows that short selling is an essential part of a market for securities that it defends the practise and stands firmly against the restriction or impairment of it, directly or indirectly."

BACKING up his statements, Mr. Whitney gave out figures collected by the Exchange, which showed, he said, that short selling in the stock market accounted for less than 5 per cent. of the transactions from May 25 until November 30, 1931.

But if the Exchange hoped that this move would disarm Congressional action, it was disappointed.

The figures, to Washington critics, were not conclusive.

Senator Capper, far from being sidetracked, announced that he would ask that a special committee be named to investigate short selling, bear raids, and speculative transactions in the various exchanges before the Senate acted on his bills.



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See Them Drop

—Powers in the New York "American."

Meanwhile Wall Street was described as resigned to a Congressional inquiry, altho the news that the identity of individual short sellers might be disclosed was said to have come as a shock to the financial community.

OVER this issue of short selling, editors are staging a lively sideline debate.

Declaring that the New York Stock Exchange "continues to be the most effective frightening machine ever known in the United States," the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* adds that—

"If the big 'speculators for the decline' had set out deliberately to prevent a revival of industry and employment in the United States, they could not have proceeded more effectively."

More mildly, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* says that "it may be true, as defenders of the Exchange contend, that short selling is not only desirable but absolutely necessary to the normal functioning of an open market—but these are not normal times."

And the St. Louis *Star* takes issue with Mr. Whitney, thus:

"The great fallacy in Mr. Whitney's defense is his statement that liquidation and not short selling causes the continued drastic decline. He is right in saying that liquidation causes most of it, but he fails to state that short selling frequently, if not usually, forces the liquidation."

But "there is no one-way gambling street," declares the Newark *Evening News*, telling us that "short selling, like long buying, is a legitimate operation, capable of being overdone."

"Markets must be free and unhampered," insists the Philadelphia *Record*. "Prohibition of short selling would intensify fluctuations, remove valuable natural controls."

And many papers join with the New York *Evening Post:*

"We want to see preventive self-regulation instead of heavy-handed governmental prohibition."

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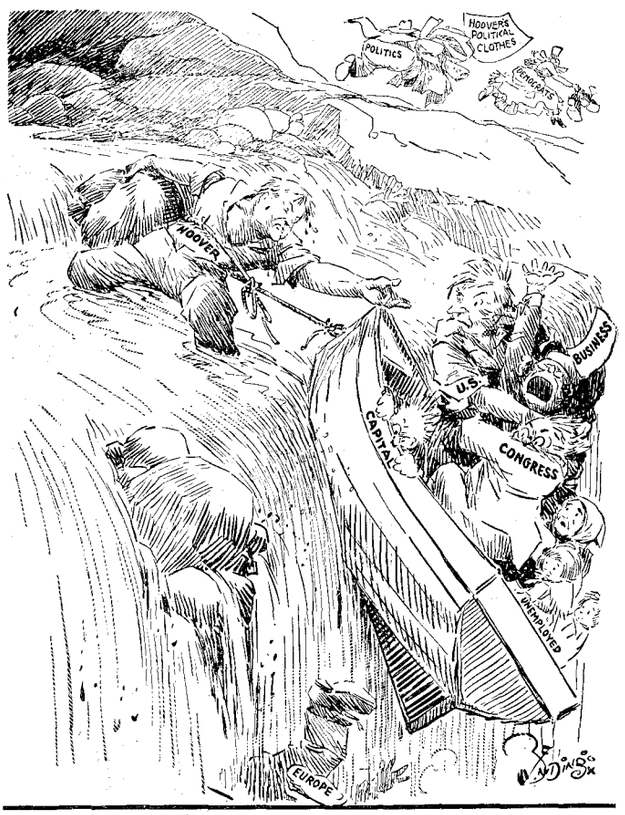
Tossing in Mr. Hoover's 1932 Hat

HOOTS AND CATERWAULS of the Democrats split the air as President Hoover is put forward by Republican spokesmen for renomination.

Rallying to their leader, the Republicans are fighting back hard, and thus the give and take of the 1932 Presidential campaign begins.

Two speeches opened the battle, we read—the key-note address of Chairman Simeon D. Fess at the Washington meeting of the



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Of Course We're All Keeping Our Heads

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

Republican National Committee, and the "fighting" speech of Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley.

President Hoover "has supplied a type of leadership without precedent in American history," declared Senator Fess, outlining the measures Mr. Hoover has taken to offset the depression. And then he uttered the sentences which have been drawing the concentrated fire of the Democrats:

"It is the purpose of this committee to assist in convincing the disaffected that the President is not responsible for the spots on the sun, the storms at sea, the droughts on land, nor the numerous epidemics that frequently sweep sections of the country.

"Our business is to place Mr. Hoover in the minds of the public where his stupendous efforts and brilliant leadership justify. This stage reached, there will be no doubt about the results of the contest next November."

BUT the sessions of the Republican National Committee were heavy with gloom, the correspondents tell us, until Secretary Hurley went into action. Slashing at the Democrats and praising the President, he brought the committee members to their feet cheering.

First asserting that "our Democratic friends have neither accepted nor rejected" the President's program for economic recovery, he declared that—

"The Democrats have no program. They are probably waiting to get all of the President's ideas to use them in an attempt to set up a program of their own."

The Hoover program is before Congress, he added, and "if there is any fiddling being done during the conflagration, Congress is doing it." Lauding the President's efforts to ease the depression, the Secretary said:

"This nation has passed through fifteen depressions in the last century. Never in our history has a President been called upon to direct the nation's commerce, industry, and banking, to create jobs for millions, to provide funds for the care of the unemployed, to lead in the mitigation of the effects of the depression, to mobilize public opinion and the economic forces of the nation for its recovery.

"All these things have been done by the present Chief Executive of the Nation."

THIS drew the fire of the Democratic Senators Robinson, minority leader, and Harrison, the former declaring that the voters in 1932 would not support a party "whose head one day asks nonpartizan action," and whose spokesmen the next day "glorify" his achievements and accuse the Democrats of playing partizan politics.

While the Republican National Committee was in session, news dispatches told that headquarters of an anti-Hoover Republican organization, headed by Horace Mann of Tennessee, had been set up in Washington. Mr. Mann, we are reminded, directed Hoover's successful campaign in the South in 1928, but later fell out with his chief.

In the speculation as to whom the Mann forces will support for the nomination, the correspondents say that the names of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania and Senator Johnson of California are mentioned. "What they really hope for," adds Henry M. Hyde of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "is the nomination of either Calvin Coolidge or Charles G. Dawes."

But among the Republican leaders it was universally taken for granted "even by those to whom the prospect is most painful," that "Mr. Hoover will be renominated on the first ballot," writes Arthur Sears Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) Then:

"One of the most arresting revelations of the sentiment among the leaders was the feeling exprest by many that if Mr. Hoover were to renounce his ambition to succeed himself, not only the party but the country, would be instantly galvanized into a state of new-born confidence and enthusiasm.

"'If Mr. Hoover would stand aside,' one committeeman said, 'if the party could look forward to the nomination of Coolidge or of Dawes, the effect would be electrical. There would be no stopping us.'"

But "nobody was willing to tell the President that he ought to sacrifice himself for the good of the party," Mr. Henning adds. In fact, Mr. Hoover "is definitely in the driver's seat," we are told by Louis Seibold, Washington correspondent of Universal Service, and he will dictate party strategy.

SPRINGING to the aid of the President, the Republican press urges his renomination and reelection.

"President Hoover has grappled with the special problems of the time with a resourceful courage and a constructive spirit that set a new mark in history," declares the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. "The responsible and level-headed public opinion of the country knows that the right man is on the job in the White House."

And here is the statement of the Washington *Post* (Ind.):

"The Democratic party is still merely an opposition group.

"Like a biological parasite, it is attempting to live on Republican misfortunes, and not on any merit of its own.

"Unless the Democrats bring forth some constructive program of action to substitute for President Hoover's comprehensive

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plan of recovery, their appeal for support will be an affront to the intelligence of the electorate."

"We believe that the reelection of Mr. Hoover, admitting almost everything that we or anybody else has said of him, will conduce most directly to stabilization and a new start," says the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), "because it would take this country about two years to find out about and estimate properly a Democratic President. That hesitation would delay by so much the return of good times."

"While the Administration must come back a long and toilsome way," in the opinion of the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), it admits that "the return is not yet impossible." Only two Republican Presidents have ever been defeated for reelection, it reminds us, "and then there is the fact that what resembles a Republican 'low of all time' has come almost a year before the election."

But "why," demands the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.), "should it be a foregone conclusion" that Hoover and Curtis will be renominated since "a great many Republicans view the fate of such a ticket with profound alarm?"

"If the leaders of the Republican party are honest," it adds, "and really have the welfare of both country and party at heart, they will endeavor to ascertain whether the party as a whole wants Hoover and Curtis." And then:

"The long and short of it is that the leaders of the party have a duty to the country and to the Republican rank and file that somewhat transcends in importance their duty to two incumbents of high and distinguished office.

"It is to be hoped they will give that fact the consideration it deserves."

A Ratification With a Sting in It

IT HAS A STING IN IT—that restrictive "rider" attached by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives to the ratification of the Hoover moratorium. It defies all the "cancelation" talk of Europe, we read.

Congress ratifies the one-year debt-suspension plan, but goes out of its way to announce that that moratorium can not now be used as the "entering wedge" for reduction or cancelation.

To certain papers—the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* is one of them—this amendment is "meddlesome" and irrelevant. To others, opposed to all ideas of reduction, and convinced that European governments are intent upon "putting something over" on the United States, Congress is serving notice on the world that no other similar proposal will be considered by it.

The American press divides into two sharply opposed camps, in applauding and in denouncing this ratification with a barb in it.

The much-discust, much-denounced and warmly defended "rider" attached by the House Ways and Means Committee reads as follows:

"It is hereby expressly declared to be against the policy of Congress that any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced, and nothing in this joint resolution for ratification of the Hoover moratorium shall be construed as indicating a contrary policy or as an implication to give favorable consideration at any time to a change in the policy hereby declared."

As Walter Lippmann interprets the "rider," it tells the world that this Congress "will not now consent to that reduction of war debts which Mr. Laval postulates as the condition of a reduction of German reparations."

More bluntly, the Hearst New York *Evening Journal* commends the action of Congress in giving "the Administration, the international bankers, and the debtor nations plainly to understand that this country proposes to get its money back."

For the Chicago *Tribune*, representing conservative Middle-Western opinion, this "rider" is a notice served to the world "that no other proposal of such a nature (suspension) will be considered."

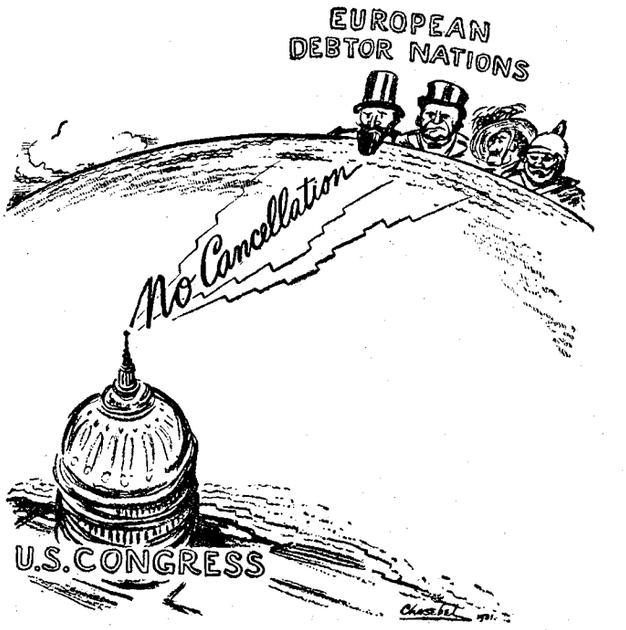
"Ever since the Armistice the United States has been exhibiting, officially, various kinds of madness.

"The record of the debts is evidence of a prolonged spree with the victim unable to clear his head, hold his money, or remember his home address.

"American international affairs have been guided by an infatuation for European acclaim, which could be had only by sacrifice of national interests and servility to European desires.

"If Congress has the star-dust out of its eyes at last, there will be considerable wind let out of the enthusiasms for international agreements, entanglements, and Congresses.

"The cure for a soft egg is hot water. The United States has been in enough of that."



The Broadcast
—Chasebel in the Washington "Post."

VIOLENTLY opposed to this policy announced by the House of Representatives, however, we find a number of liberal and independent Eastern papers looking upon cancelation or reduction, they claim, from an equally realistic view-point.

"What alternative do you propose, gentlemen of the Congress?" angrily challenges the Camden *Courier-Post*, voicing with extreme vehemence an attitude found in many dailies:

"Blood can not be squeezed from a stone. The nations which owe us money can not pay in gold because they have almost no gold left.

"Three-fourths of all the gold in the world lies in French and American vaults.

"Germany, England, Italy, Belgium, and the others, how are they to pay us?

"Our tariff prevents them from selling us goods for payment.

"Our foreign policy prevents the use of military force to compel payment through seizure of capital resources in those nations.

"Just what are we going to get, and how are we going to get it?

"Either we must find a way by which those debts CAN be collected, or we shall force our debtors into repudiation—and the disintegration of existing governments.

"The House Committee, by a heavy vote, has rejected the President's program for restatement of debts.

"What is to be Congress's substitute program?

"There will have to be one. That or world chaos."

Ratification of the Hoover moratorium, concludes the Atlanta *Journal*, means that conditions will continue during the one-year period practically as they are. "Meanwhile, the great problem of diplomacy will be to prepare for the aftermath."

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"The Brightest Show" in New York City

"YOUSE GOT THE DATA! You figger it out!" Edward P. Sherry, chief court attendant of the City of New York, glares angrily at Samuel Seabury, who has just asked the Tammany office-holder the source of his nine bank accounts, with deposits amounting to $186,799.19 over a period of three years. His salary, we read, was $3,720 a year.

Margaret Lane, of the London *Express*, a guest writer for the International News Service, records this incident, and writes that after six months, the Seabury investigation still remains "the brightest show in town"—

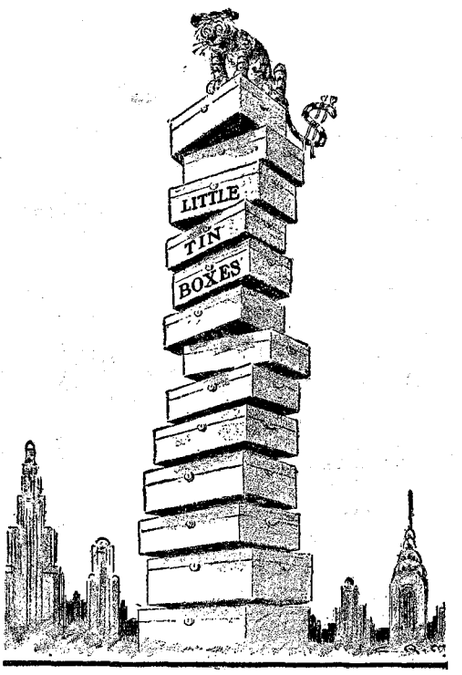
"Now, those two men standing in the aisle have a thankless job.

"Every time Judge Seabury's wit draws some rare jewel of an answer from an unhappy witness, they have to stop the laughter.

"Every time an embarrassed patrolman explains that his $200,000 bank-balance was given by an anonymous seafaring man, they flap their hands anxiously at the audience and scowl and say 'Hush!' Nobody minds them."

Certain of Tammany's "opulent office-holders" could explain the source of their large bank deposits only by vague references to what the Springfield *Union* describes as "magical wealth-producing little tin boxes." Bank accounts, this paper explains, were constantly replenished with "the aid of one of the self-explanatory little tin boxes."

That Judge Seabury did indeed have the data and had "figgered" it out is proclaimed by the indignant New York *World-Telegram*, urging the New York State Legislature to provide additional funds to continue after February 1 the vast Herculean tasks undertaken by the Hofstadter Committee.



The Sky's the Limit

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

HERE are some of the high spots of the investigation, as summarized in this Scripps-Howard daily:

"Thomas M. Farley, Sheriff of New York County, on a yearly salary of $15,000, in six years banked $360,660.

"James A. M'Quade, former Register of Kings County, on a yearly salary of from $9,000 to $12,000, in six and three-quarter years banked $547,254.

"Harry C. Perry, Chief Clerk of the City Court, on a yearly salary of $12,000, in less than six years banked $135,061.

"Michael J. Cruise, City Clerk, on a yearly salary of $12,000, in six and three-quarter years banked $142,800.

"Peter J. Curran, Under Sheriff of New York County, on a yearly salary of $7,500, in six and three-quarter years banked $662,311.

"Joseph Flaherty, Deputy Sheriff, on a $2,700 salary, banked since last June $20,000.

"Jacob Rosenberg, Deputy Sheriff, in five years banked total of twice his salary, $22,000.

"Edward P. Sherry, Chief Attendant of City Court, on $3,720 salary, banked in seven years $186,799.19.

"George C. Cruise, Examiner of Claims in Corporation Counsel's office, brother of City Clerk Michael J. Cruise, on $2,980 salary, banked in three years $20,000.

"Thomas J. Kelly, Deputy Chief Inspector of Police, on $6,300 salary, banked in six years and nine months, above his salary and income from securities, $35,596.95.

"Thomas W. Mullarkey, Police Inspector, retired and missing, banked in one year and seven months $27,865.

"Dennis Wright, former policeman, banked in ten and a half years, on a policeman's pay, $92,240.

"James M. M'Cormick, First Deputy City Clerk, on $8,500 salary, banked since January 1, 1925, $299,499.25.

"Joseph T. Quinn, former Sheriff of Queens, now Deputy Commissioner of the Sanitation Department, got from the late John M. Phillips, 'Sewer Pipe King,' in 'bets,' $32,000.

"William L. Kavanagh, Deputy Water Commissioner of Manhattan, on salary of from $3,500 to $8,500, banked in eleven years, $250,699.90."

A total approaching three million dollars, protests *The World-Telegram*, and yet "there are those who say Counsel Seabury and the investigating committee have shown us nothing yet about the city's government or about men who hold positions of trust in that government!"

This indignation is shared by the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Utica *Press*, the Springfield *Union*, and the solid anti-Tammany press of the country.

IF the inquiry is allowed to die, warns the Utica *Press*—

"It will be regarded as conferring a sanction upon nefarious political practises—practises which if allowed to continue will undermine the structure of honest self-government."

In his column in the Baltimore *Sun*, that veteran observer of American politics, Frank Richardson Kent, asserts that revealed conditions in our three biggest cities—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia—are of "such gravity as to create a sustained concern in the public." As Mr. Kent interprets this new "shame of the cities":

"Two are hopelessly bankrupt, and the other honeycombed with graft and stealing that touch practically every department of the government.

"Yet this situation becomes news only when there is an outbreak of some sort.

"For example, when in Philadelphia a mob storms the Council chamber to prevent taxes being raised to obtain funds for payment of city employees.

"Or when in Chicago there is no cash for policemen and firemen.

"Or when in New York Mr. Seabury shows up another $7,000 city official banking a quarter of a million in three years, the source of which he explains with a story the most credulous child would reject.

"If these were the only incidents of the kind, there would not be more than local significance to them. They are, however, but few among many. For months Mr. Seabury has been pulling the covers off.

"Official after official—many of them high up in the Tammany organization—has been exposed.

"Yet nothing is done. There have been practically no indictments, no removals. The grafting officials still hold their jobs, conspicuously appear at Democratic meetings with party leaders, have not even lost caste."

DEFENSE of Tammany is found, however, in two tabloid dailies, the New York *Daily Mirror* and *The Daily News*, both expressing perhaps the hard-boiled point of view of the typical New Yorker.

"New York is honest at heart!" shouts *The Daily Mirror*, denouncing Samuel Seabury as a "wily old showman," who gives innocent little old New York "a daily black eye" with his "Scandals of 1931":

"With his army of snooping retainers, his prying ferrets, he

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has been unable to disclose the taking of one single dollar from the public treasury by any office-holder in the whole army of 130,000 or more employees of the City of New York!

"Big or small, high or low, good or bad, not one of these employees has been revealed as having taken one cent from the public funds. And that is what he boasted he was to reveal.

"We know what has happened in Republican graft-ridden Chicago and Philadelphia.

"Those cities are broke to-day.

"New York, under its present form of government, is financially sound and rugged. The world recognizes our police force as a model. Our fire department leads the world in modern, scientific methods. Our bridges, our roads, speedways, and fast traffic have aroused the admiration of engineers universally. For New York is the symbol of progress."

In a three-sided broadcast review of the first six months of the Seabury inquiry, Norman Thomas, Socialist leader, sought to explain New York's notorious indifference to the startling disclosures of the Seabury inquiry by declaring that "politics partakes of the corruption of a society which has cynically accepted the acquisition of money as its god." As quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Norman Thomas became an unexpected apologist for Tammany's "tin-box" politicians—

"It would be entirely possible to show that, bad as things are in New York, waste and graft cost the people less than waste and graft in business enterprises accounted reputable.

"In terms of fundamental ethics rather than legality these New York politicians can make a pretty good case that they have at least rendered as much if not more service than manipulators of the market, bank directors who grow rich, but do not direct, and corporation presidents, who without knowledge of stockholders or workers, got in a single year bonuses that would make the greediest politician's mouth water.

"When Tammany Hall lets its friends in on condemnation proceedings or good contracts, many times distinguished members of the bar and reputable business men are beneficiaries.

"Moreover, Tammany is only doing what corporation directors do for their friends, and has scarcely matched in fundamental immorality the general practise of bank directors who use depositors' money to buy securities which they sell as directors of the bank's affiliates."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

CAREFUL nursing is about the worst thing you can do for a grouch.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IN some cases, however, assets just seem frozen because they are scared stiff.—*Atlantic City Union.*

THE chief objection to a materialistic country is that a few people get all the material.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

JAPAN says she wouldn't have Manchuria as a gift, and that's not the way she is getting it, either.—*Dallas News.*

THE great problem of a Democratic Congress is to save the country without saving Mr. Hoover.—*Passaic News.*

THERE are plenty of wheels turning in this country, but too many of them are rubber tired.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

"IMPROVEMENT in retail business laid to holiday buying." Those trade experts just find out everything.—*Washington Post.*

A DEMOCRATIC House and a Republican President make an ideal arrangement. It gives both sides an alibi.—*La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.*

WE read that surplus coffee is to be used as fuel on the Brazilian railways. The result, it is hoped, will be a run on coffee.—*The Humorist (London).*

IT seems that 1930 and 1931 will go down as the years that went down.—*Thomaston Times.*

ARE we quite sure the Tower of Babel wasn't just an old-time League of Nations?—*Dublin Opinion.*

TO offset the deficits in Federal and State governments everything possible will be taxed, including the citizens' credulity.—*Judge.*

WELL, we note by the ads that they're bringing out shirts in book-form packages now. More mystery tails.—*Ohio State Journal.*

So they want a new tax that will be painless. Well, the fellow who left the estate doesn't feel anything.—*Milwaukee Leader.*

THAT man who said we would never have another panic! It is possible that he was misunderstood. Maybe he said "picnic."—*Industrial Relations.*

ONE reason why public men are rather timid about raising taxes is that they don't know how much of something else the voters will raise, if they do.—*Boston Herald.*

AMONG financiers Goethe is just another Frankfurter.—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

THIRTEEN years since the Armistice, and Germany is still trying to win the war.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE stock market's axiom seems to be that there is always room at the bottom.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE trouble with the world seems to be that frozen assets have been accompanied by cold feet.—*Dallas News.*

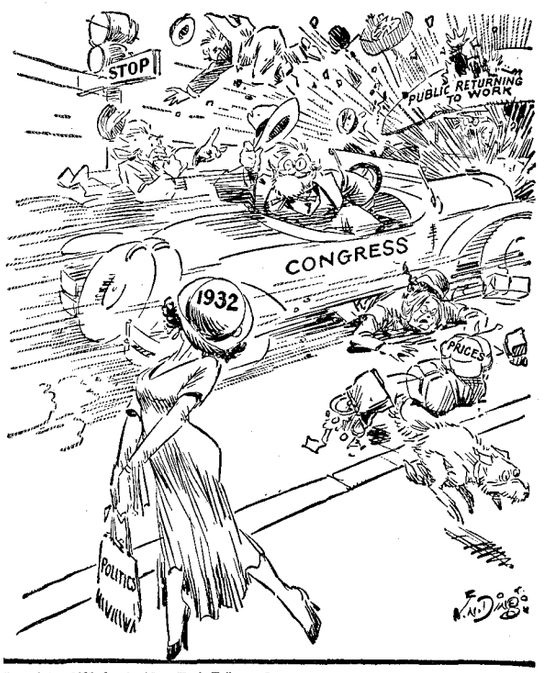
EXPLANATION of the deficit: Too many still untaxed and too many untaxed stills.—*Wichita Falls Record-News.*

THERE are two kinds of people—good and bad. The classifying is done by the good.—*Bethlehem Globe-Times.*

As we understand it, a Chinese bandit is any Chinese who doesn't move fast when a Jap speaks.—*Key West (Fla.) Citizen.*

THE government theory is that business should be bossed by Federal experts in good times and look out for itself in bad times.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

BAKER and Raskob look to us like a well-balanced and logical Democratic ticket, Mr. Raskob, of course, providing the dough.—*Boston Herald.*



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Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

Hey! Watch Out Where You're Goin'
—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

INTERNATIONAL conscience is the still small voice that tells a country when another country is the stronger.—*Dublin Opinion.*

STILL, if it wasn't for the overhead in charity work, tightwads would find some other reason not to give.—*Medford Mail-Tribune.*

IT is often true, also, that if a man but make a better claptrap, delegations will beat a path to his door offering nominations.—*Boston Herald.*

HOWEVER, President Hoover has had so much tough luck it would not surprize us a bit to see him get the Republican nomination in '32.—*Judge.*

AN editor thinks modern novelists write for their own pleasure. If so, most of them seem to be wonderfully easy to please.—*Thomaston Times.*

THE head of the University of Tokyo asserts that the Japanese soldiers are the servants of civilization. They certainly seem out to break China.—*Dublin Opinion.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

What Japan Wants in Manchuria

ALL MANCHURIA IS NOW under Japanese influence. Or soon will be.

For the sweeping movement of the Japanese north and south of Mukden to clear that territory of Chinese so-called "bandits" has seemingly convinced observers generally that this drive of infantry, artillery, and air forces is expected to end in the occupation of Chinchow and the retreat of the Chinese beyond the Great Wall, thus leaving Japan in possession of all Manchuria.

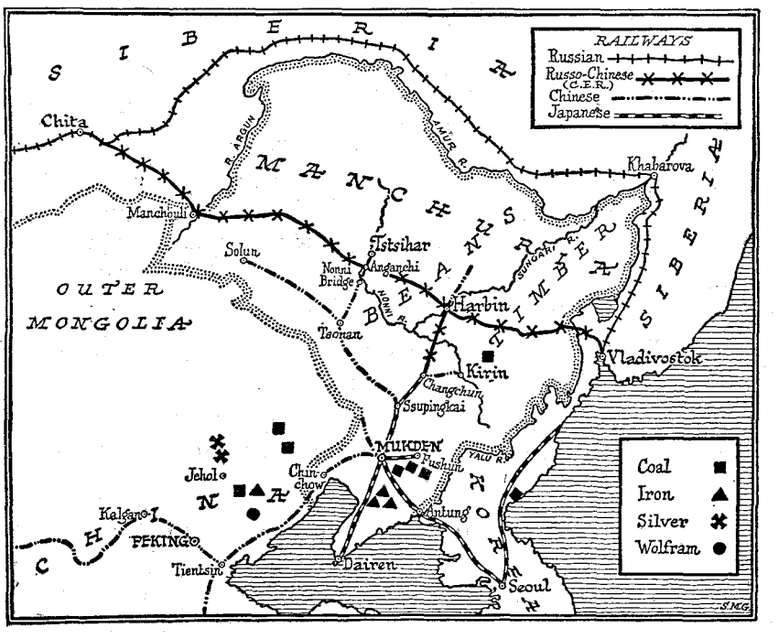
That virtual control of Manchurian political, transport, economic, and financial organizations is held by Japan, was pointed out in last week's issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Present Chinese officials of Manchuria, from highest to lowest we are told, dare not act "without the approval of Japanese advisers, and in most cases, act upon the suggestion of those advisers."

This being the situation, the question arises—what is Japan after in Manchuria?

It is all very simple, say British writers favorable to Japan—the Japanese merely wish to keep the gains they have won by their struggles and sacrifices of the past thirty or forty years there.

Great Britain and Japan were in alliance for years, we must remember, so it is not at all surprizing to find a considerable number of British publicists favoring Japan.



From the London *Economist*

For Good or Evil Near the Heart of the Modern World

Thus appears Manchuria to "The Economist," which names it the point on which the political pressures of many of the greatest Powers in the world converge.

Their argument runs much along the line of Kipling's "White Man's Burden." Japan has spent so much blood and gold in Manchuria that she now has the duty of "civilizing" it.

One of these writers is Mr. Bernard Falk, and we find his views exprest in the Continental edition of the London *Daily Mail*, a Rothermere newspaper.

Japan's privileges on Chinese soil, says Mr. Falk, are the fruits of three wars and hundreds of millions of pounds expenditure by way of commercial investment. This advocate of Japan's policy in Manchuria goes on to make a point well illustrated by the accompanying map. He says:

"The suggestion which the enemies of the Japanese make is that they are seeking to annex Manchuria because here is the granary and here the coal and iron mines which the Island Empire needs to make her self-contained.

"It is true that Manchuria has a boundless range of fertile lands and is wonderfully rich in natural resources; but the ambition of Japan is to apply the crops and the coal and the iron of the vast area to the purposes of peaceful commerce.

"For one thing, she has had enough of continental adventures.

"Her unhappy experiences in Shantung, where she was not allowed to remain as successor to the Germans, and in Kamchatka, where her efforts to develop a corner of Siberia came to nought, have cured her of any further desire to take perilous risks.

"Again, while her 750,000 surplus babies every year make the problem of an outlet for her increasing population one of pressing importance, she knows that emigration to Manchuria is no solution.

"Her people can not exist on the incredibly low economic level of the native Chinese and, therefore, in the normal agricultural pursuits they would starve. As conductors and initiators of trade, however, there is room and hope for a not inconsiderable element of Japan's industrious and surplus masses."

Floods of Chinese, hostile to Japan, have been pouring into Manchuria in recent years, says Mr. Falk, and have been taking all the best land available, which has made the Japanese task much harder. We read then:

"If Manchuria presents the spectacle of a land with coveted resources, credit should be given to Japan for helping to develop these resources. Her money and industry have largely built up the huge soya-bean trade. The soya bean has great food value, both for man and beast and the waste product of the oil when formed into bean cake is famous as a food for horses and as a fertilizer.

"Through the port of Dairen go great quantities of the fertilizer to be used in the rice fields of Japan and in agricultural areas all over the world."

The Japanese in Manchuria, declares this contributor to *The Daily Mail*, have felt fear not only for their lives and property, but for all their hard-won treaty rights. With world commercial conditions as they are at present, and with fiscal and tariff barriers being erected everywhere, he assures us that to ostracize Japan in China and in Manchuria, to which Japan has given forty years of labor, is "nothing less than sentencing her to economic hara-kiri." So he avers that the Far East trouble must be weighed as—

"The stand by Japan for rights and interests without which she considers she would be mortally stricken as a great commercial Power.

"The significance of what happens in the near future in this distracted battle-ground will be rightly appreciated if the struggle is regarded as a life-and-death matter for Britain's old allies."

IF some stroke of magic could eliminate politics from the Manchurian situation, a contributor to *The Economist* (London) thinks a friendly cooperation between Chinese and Japanese activities in the development of this great and rich new country would be ideal, because it answers the urgent needs of both peoples, and he explains:

"The Chinese need virgin soil for a congested peasantry; and

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Manchuria supplies this to them, thanks to Japanese industrial and commercial organization. The Japanese need sources of supply and markets, and Manchuria supplies this to them, thanks to Chinese immigration.

"Why should not this interplay of Chinese and Japanese economic activities in Manchuria to-day be as fruitful and as friendly as the interplay between English capital and American pioneering was in the building up of the United States last century? But, alas, it is here that politics play havoc.

"In Southern Manchuria, as in Upper Silesia or the Polish Corridor, there is an ominous contrast between the economic activity in the material environment and the political tension in the psychological atmosphere. Such situations are explosive, as Manchuria is demonstrating to-day."

In contrast to the above presentation of Japan's case in Manchuria, there stands out, with an air of ominousness, the note of Dr. Wellington Koo, as Foreign Minister of China. All the arguments to show why Japan needs Manchuria hold equally good to prove that China needs it. Besides, Dr. Koo declares that Manchuria for 300 years has been an integral part of China, and that its population of 30,000,000 is 80 per cent. Chinese.

Its richness of natural resources, especially minerals and agricultural products, makes Manchuria vital to the economic welfare of the entire Chinese nation, and in Dr. Koo's note, as reported by the Associated Press, we read further:

"Manchuria, with its railways and trading ports, constitutes an important link connecting the East and West. It is an indispensable section in the shortest round-the-world route. If this section is torn from China and put under the control of another nation, the change will so upset the balance of power and relative positions of the principal nations bordering the Pacific that world peace will be jeopardized.

"Control and possession of Manchuria by any militant Power would so strengthen the strategic position and fighting resources of that Power that it would be bound to stimulate ambitions for world empire.

"On the other hand, if the menace to China's continued possession is removed by putting an end to the Japanese military occupation, then a dark specter on the international horizon will disappear.

"The vital issue in Manchuria is this: Should this important part of China be made the prize of Japanese aggression, thereby becoming the cradle of a future war, or should it remain with China as a bulwark of peace? . . . While the Manchurian situation appears on the surface to be a Chinese issue, it is essentially an international problem of the first magnitude.

"Upon its solution depends to a great extent the world's outlook on the future.

"World peace and security will be determined largely by the nature of the settlement of this problem.

"The validity and effectiveness of such instruments as the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant of the League of Nations are involved.

"More particularly it will be the acid test of the sanctity of that notable American achievement, the Nine-Power Treaty, whose first article reaffirms the sovereign independence and territorial and administrative integrity of China."

Sending Canadian Trade Elsewhere

Canada: "Go to it, Samuel. The more you clip off, the less I buy from you. You're harming yourself more than me."
—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

Gains of Canada's Losing Dollar

With the Canadian dollar fluctuating around eighty cents in New York, some editors in the Dominion show sharp resentment at the place of inferiority given to their currency when it crosses the border into the United States.

But others point out the gains falling to Canadians, because the discount on the dollar discourages importations from the United States, and encourages American purchasers along the border to step across and get more for their money in Canada.

Those who benefit, however, are in the minority, according to the Ottawa *Journal*, which thinks that this discount of the Canadian dollar is a bad thing for Canada, demoralizing to finance, and harmful to Canadian provinces and municipalities meeting maturing obligations with American funds. The moral of it all is:

"Once out of this morass, Canada must never again place itself in the position where the United States has an excuse for demoralizing our currency.

"We can never go back to frenzied borrowing. Not, at all events, from the United States.

"The past ten years saw this country in a regular orgy of borrowing. Dominion Government and railways, provinces and municipalities, industrialists and merchants—all rushed to New York for more and more money.

"The thing pyramided and pyramided until it reached hundreds of millions; and so long as money was cheap and easy to get we based our expenditure, not upon essential needs, but upon our borrowing capacity.

"Now the chickens are homing to roost.

"We are beginning to learn that in finance, as in most other things, every action has a reaction, and that Uncle Sam, a good lender, is likewise a mighty good collector. Hard and shrewd."

There is yet another moral in the Canadian dollar discount, adds the Ottawa *Journal*, and this opinion is confirmed by the Toronto *Mail and Empire*. Canadians should spend their Canadian dollars in Canada, they say: "Let them buy in Canada and travel in Canada. Spend their winters in Canada." Says the Vancouver *Sun* putting the value of their dollar at ninety cents:

"While the Canadian dollar stays at that discount, every Canadian who goes to United States must spend $100 to get $90 worth of pleasure in return. But the American tourist can come here and get $110 worth of pleasure for $100.

"Canada in 1930 collected $300,000,000 in tourist revenue. In 1931 that revenue has fallen to $200,000,000. Canada can put it back to $300,000,000, and more besides, if she capitalizes on the double appeal of Canada's natural attractions and Canada's currency discount."

Meanwhile, Washington dispatches report Senator Kean's proposal of a treaty between Canada and the United States under which a representative of the Canadian Government would become a member of the Federal Reserve Board, and Canadian currency would be stabilized on a par with American currency.

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Australia Ousts the Laborites

"OUR VICTORY SHOULD DO MUCH to remove fears for the future of Australia."

That is the verdict of Joseph A. Lyons, leader of Australia's winning coalition which defeated the Labor party of Prime Minister James H. Scullin, on December 19.

The United Australia party, composed of Right Wing Laborites and Nationalists, in cooperation with the Country party, is compared to the Nationalist party in Great Britain in its recent triumph. In both countries, it is noted, a financial crisis resulted in a realinement of parties and persons in a supreme appeal to the electorate.

"The only real choice the people had to make," Mr. Lyons is further quoted as saying, was "between sound finance as against currency inflation and political control of currency and credit."

Mr. Lyons, who was formerly in the Labor Cabinet of J. H. Scullin, is now anathema to the extreme Laborites, altho hailed as a hero by their adversaries. Among cabled editorials from the Australian press to THE LITERARY DIGEST, we find Labor's official organ, the Sydney *Labor Daily*, remarking sarcastically:

"During the contest, Labor Turncoat Lyons frequently exhorted the electors to 'tune in with England.' It seems that most electors have tried to follow his advice. In how very short a time they will bitterly regret their attempt is another matter.

"The lesson of the election is the necessity for more propaganda, especially with relation to the Commonwealth objective of the Labor party, for, after all, no reform of the present system can be anything more than a palliative for existing economic evils."

Keystone photograph

A Former Australian Laborite

Joseph A. Lyons, led a coalition of Australian parties to a victory that "should do much to remove fears for the future of Australia."

VERY different is the view of the important Sydney *Morning Herald:*

"The election established beyond all question Australia's refusal to have anything to do with inflation of currency. In addition to resentment against inflation, there has been irritation caused by failure and indecision of the Government in the face of almost every question of the day."

Among other cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST is that of the Melbourne *Argus*, which issues this warning:

"Grave responsibilities face the incoming Federal Ministry. The past may be buried with its dead.

"Australia will appear to the world in an entirely normal light once more. That is not only highly important from a point of view of self-respect; it will be a practical factor in bringing into closer and better relationship the Government of the Commonwealth and financial institutions in Great Britain and Australia."

All sections will join in the hope, says the Melbourne *Age*, that "the change may bring in its train an even proportion of the advantages which have been predicted" for Australia, but we are reminded:

"It need not detract from their victory for those who have won it to acknowledge that the Scullin Ministry was called upon to govern in a time of unprecedented difficulty. The nation's difficulties and problems still abide. The whole of the people will await developments of coming days with friendly interest, but tens of thousands will also await them with the great hope, simple yet supreme, of getting a job."

Melbourne Canadian press dispatches call attention to the swift advancement of Joseph A. Lyons, who will head the new administration, and who entered the Commonwealth political arena at fifty, only two years ago. In Tasmania, the Island State off the southeast corner of the Australian mainland, he had been successful as Treasurer and Minister of Education, from 1914-1916, and Premier and Treasurer from 1923-1928. We read further:

"Elected to the Federal House in the last elections, in 1929, Mr. Lyons entered the Labor Cabinet as Postmaster-General and Minister of Public Works and Railways. He took over the Treasurership when Mr. Theodore relinquished that post, in 1930, owing to graft charges—made against him by the present Queensland State government—of which he subsequently was acquitted.

"In the long absence of Prime Minister Scullin at the 1930 Imperial Conference, in London, Mr. Lyons, aided by Mr. Fenton, bore the main burdens of administration. He also fought hard and successfully against the extremists within the Labor party. One of his big achievements was the carrying out of a conversion loan issue to meet obligations of $104,000,000 maturing a year ago—which the Labor Left Wingers had voted to postpone for a year.

"On the return of Prime Minister Scullin from overseas, however, Mr. Theodore was brought back into the Cabinet as Treasurer. This caused a breach between Mr. Scullin and Mr. Lyons, and the latter quit the Cabinet, taking with him Mr. Fenton. As the months went by, they were joined by several other former Labor Right Wingers.

"Nine months ago, Mr. Lyons's personal abilities found recognition in the agreement of the Nationalist and Country parties to cooperate with him in a united fight against Labor.

"Mr. Scullin, fifty-five years of age, and always recognized as a leader of the moderate element in the Labor party, leaves office after perhaps the most troubled experiences that have befallen a Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, not even excepting the war years.

"A year and a half ago, wheat and wool sank with terrifying rapidity. Financial crises followed inevitably—and then one political crisis after another. Mr. Scullin's hair turned white between his accession to office and the 1930 Imperial Conference."

Boycotting Japanese Mills in China

FROM Shanghai as the center, the anti-Japanese boycott movement is spreading all over China.

It is predicted that it will become more effective than any preceding boycott, especially in its effect on Japanese cotton-mills in China.

The Shanghai *China Critic* believes that the present anti-Japanese boycott is "a blessing to the Chinese mill owners and a curse to the Japanese mill owners in China." But the boycott can not continue forever. Sooner or later, the Japanese mill owners in China will recover and become keen competitors of the Chinese, this Shanghai weekly admits, yet it points out:

"The boycott, tho temporary in nature, has given a timely relief and stimulus to the local Chinese mills. During the past years the yarn market has been unusually dull, and most Chinese owned mills have been in a bad position. On account of the present boycott the price of Chinese yarn has artificially advanced, and this has enabled the mill owners to make fairly good profit.

"Many Japanese mills have bought enough raw cotton from America in the past few months at a higher rate to last for some time, thus making them operate their mills on a losing basis.

"The longer the present boycott lasts, the better the financial position of the Chinese mills will be and the brighter the prospect for the textile industry in China."

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The Pageant of Henry VIII's Wives

SEEING THE PROCESSION OF FATEFUL WIVES, as resurrected by Cornelia Otis Skinner, one ponders on the insatiability of old King Henry VIII.

This gallery of portraits, newly introduced to her more familiar list of dramatic monologs, enjoyed a long popularity in New York, despite the somber theatrical season, and are displaying their wiles and griefs in other cities.

"It is not as queens that they have won remembrance," says John Mason Brown in the New York *Evening Post*, "but as women who suffered cruelly because of the whims and brutalities of a hot-blooded monarch."

And the critic feels that "The Wives of Henry VIII" offers "more real entertainment than can be found in most of the playhouses of New York to-day."

Tenderness, pathos, and humor are the traits that this versatile actress evokes from her subjects, whose material Mr. Brown thus sets forth:

"All of these unhappy queens have the glamour of a vigorous reign about them.

"All of them are figures about whom one knows (however vaguely) in advance.

"All of them offer opportunities for costumes which fill the eye with an unaccustomed splendor.

"All of them are united by the continuity that Henry himself provides.

First of the Beheaded

Anne Boleyn, as visualized by Cornelia Otis Skinner, seeing her next step to the scaffold, as she sits in the Tower of London on May 19, 1536.

"Yet each of them was different from the other; a person in her own rights for an actress—especially an actress with Miss Skinner's sense of racial differences and her gift for languages—to seize upon and characterize.

"Both as an author and a performer, Miss Skinner has made the most of the excellent materials she has chosen to work with. She picks her incidents wisely, selects them so that they have variety, and writes them (particularly in the case of the last of her five scenes) so that they quickly establish the persons with whom they deal.

"Her eye for the dramatic moment in the lives of each of Henry's brides is keen, save in the pictorially stunning but theatrically ineffectual portrait of *Catharine of Aragon*, with which she, like Henry, begins.

"She shows us *Anne Boleyn* in the Tower just before she is led to her execution; *Jane Seymour*, in the gardens of Hampton Court, when she is carrying Edward VI and playing 'Tower of London' at the imperious command of the infant Elizabeth; introduces us to *Anne of Cleves* at Rochester, when Henry has his first look at her and runs from her in disgust; has us meet gay *Katheryn Howard* during a Royal Progress when she is overtaken with her lover; and finally weaves all of the separate sketches of Henry's married life into one unified whole by disclosing a *Katherine Parr*, who sits beside him as he dies, recalling his past and confusing the names of his many loves.

"Miss Skinner is no less sure in projecting these six wives than she has been in writing them. She has a different voice in each; speaks liquid Spanish as *Catharine of Aragon*, gives *Anne Boleyn* the 'rag-doll' French which is known to have been hers, bursts into fluent German as poor, silly *Anne of Cleves*, says a Latin prayer as *Katherine Parr*, and distinguishes in placement and inflection between the English that *Anne Boleyn*, *Katheryn Howard* and *Katherine Parr* speak.

"Her gestures are varied in the same way.

"Miss Skinner is a figure of striking distinction and loveliness in each of her six changes of costume. Indeed, she is too pretty as both *Catharine of Aragon* and *Anne of Cleves* to give final plausibility to the behavior history has wished upon Henry."

Musicians in Distress

GIVE A THOUGHT to our musicians, who are "always the first to suffer and the last to recover from hard times."

This is said to be especially true of music teachers.

"Music lessons among us are esteemed a luxury, and are invariably the first thing to be dropt."

This is the preamble to the statement of Louis Sherwin in the New York *Evening Post* that "no less than 12,000 musicians are in distress in New York alone."

"Teachers in New York have lost 99 per cent. of their pupils. And many of these teachers are people of international reputation."

Mr. Sherwin quotes Sigmond Herzog of the Bohemians, a music club with an offspring called the Musicians' Foundation, which takes care of all colleagues in distress. Mr. Herzog, who sends out the checks to those in most need, says:

"Prohibition is the cause of just as much distress among musicians as the present hard times.

"Thousands of the lesser known players were thrown out of employment by that law. Of course, there is no doubt that the talkies cost a host of orchestral players their jobs as well.

"But our Foundation can not attempt to take care of orchestra players. They are looked after, so far as is possible, by their union.

"The lesser virtuosi and the teachers do not belong to the union, and have no claim upon it. And it is they who suffer first and most.

"But even some well-known artists are in distress. For instance, a singer of international reputation found himself stranded last spring at the end of an unfortunate season. We supplied a loan, which has since been repaid. You would be astounded if I told you his name.

"But his is not the only case. There are others, men and women of real distinction.

"A short time ago we heard that a certain instrumentalist was in a hospital for an emergency operation. We sent a check the same afternoon.

"We bought one man a candy store so that he would no longer

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have to depend upon music for his livelihood. But obviously we can't buy candy stores for 12,000 people!"

The Bohemians, founded in 1906 by Rafael Joseffy, Rubin Goldmark, and Sigmund Herzog, is said to be the oldest musical club in America.

MR. SHERWIN mentions other great names, and adds some history:

"Since then practically every celebrated virtuoso of our times has joined, as for example, Paderewski, Kreisler, Casals, Hofmann, Louis Horowitz, Kochanski—in short, all the headliners and near-headliners of the concert stage.

"In days more spacious and honest they used to foregather at Lüchow's, to make music, and tell jokes, and so forth. But the convivial aspect of the meetings was broken up during the war, when, as you may recall, ladies with no other means of getting their names in the paper used to prance around denouncing musicians as spies, and all music as enemy propaganda. (It was a member of The Bohemians who said to August Lüchow one evening in December, 1918: 'August, you can take the flags down now—the war is over!')

"The endowment fund of the Musicians' Foundation was started in 1914 by means of a concert given by the Kneisel quartet. Since that day Paderewski, Hofmann, Kreisler, Casals, the Flonzaleys, and a host of others have given recitals from time to time, the entire proceeds of which were added to the fund which is held in trust by a bank, and only the income of which is spent in relief work. Tho the names of the beneficiaries as a rule are never mentioned, there is one instance which is no secret.

"The two daughters of Robert Schumann were left penniless by the war. Apparently there was nobody in Europe to take care of them. The fact was learned by The Bohemians, so in 1923 Josef Hofmann gave a concert especially to provide a separate part of the endowment. With this an annuity was bought for these famous old ladies, which kept them from want, and on the proceeds of which one of them is still living in Interlaken, her sister having died last year."

Katheryn Howard

Whose gaiety is turned to grief in the regal robes of a Royal Progress, 1542. Miss Skinner in the role.

"Don't Good Companion Me"

IF ONE WONDERS WHY MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY, the English author of "The Good Companions," managed to brush so many folks the wrong way on his recent visit here, he gives a clue in a recent number of *The Evening Standard* (London).

He threatens to leave any public dinner or meeting in the future if any one dares to refer to him as "a good companion."

This, he tells us, is the result of two years of suffering. Each man who utters the hated phrase does so "as if it had never been said before."

Not even the quarter of a million sales in England, with America's quota unmentioned, can do other than make him wish that he had called the book something else.

In the first place, as he explains, pinning the name on him misrepresents the book:

"The novel is not about some people who were good companions, but about some people who organized a concert party called 'The Good Companions.'

"The people in question were not idyllically good-natured and self-sacrificing. (Except by comparison with some of the monsters that pass as characters now in fiction.)

"They were an ordinary set of fairly decent mummers. Sometimes they were jealous of one another, let one down, bickered and quarreled and got drunk, were silly and stupid. There was nothing astonishingly noble about them.

"But in an expansive moment—after supper—these people agreed to call their concert party 'The Good Companions.' Hence the title of the book. Hence my misery.

"It would be just as sensible to keep referring to me as 'an angel' because a later (and, in my opinion, better) novel of mine is called 'Angel Pavement.'"

MR. PRIESTLEY tells how the cap doesn't fit him:

"There is nothing contemptible, I admit, in being known as a good companion. (Tho anybody who had been called it as many times as I have would be sick of it.) There are many dubious things in this life, but good companionship is obviously not one of them.

"But I have no claim to it. I am not one of those jovial hail-fellow-well-met men who are always to be found the center of a jolly group, in their club smoke-rooms.

"I walk in and out of my club so gloomily that even now the servants are suspicious of my standing. I do not slap people on the back, and people do not slap me on the back—at least, not more than once.

"I am one of those half-shy, half-aggressive fellows (see *Inferiority Complex*) who are not at all easy to get on with at a first meeting, improve a little on acquaintance, but are almost impossible to live with!

"I am proud, moody, and subject to fits of profound depression. I have no great opinion of my fellow men. (I may like the people in my books, but that is because I have created them myself.)

"My countenance does not radiate faith and optimism. Nobody rushes to me for comfort and cheer. My outlook tends to be pessimistic.

"I am not very sentimental, and certainly far less so than most of the young 'intellectuals' who pretend to be so hard-boiled, partly because it is the fashion and partly because they want to cry so badly. The desperately sentimental, nervy, cry-baby author pretending to be very tough is one of the common sights in our modern literary world."

ELDERLY gentlemen seem bent on claiming Mr. Priestley as "a Victorian."

"They could not have said anything that displeased me more," declares the novelist, who has quite another view of himself:

"I am not a Victorian, and I should hate to be one.

"I am as much a child of this age as Mr. Aldous Huxley or

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Mr. Noel Coward, tho I may not have followed its prevailing fashions quite so closely.

"That is probably because I have never lived in a small coterie, and have knocked up and down more than most bright young authors. (Not that I am young or bright any more.)

"If I have any affiliations with past literature, it is with the eighteenth-century novelists, with Fielding and Sterne, rather than with the Victorians, who would have been shocked to a man by most of my opinions.

"About once a fortnight some publisher or editor wants me to write something about Dickens. I can not imagine why. I am not an authority on Dickens, tho I have, like any sensible reader, the heartiest admiration for his great comic and grotesque passages. But I have never been inspired to write a line by Dickens.

"Just because I have written two long novels that have comic bits in them and are fortunate enough to be popular, people seem to imagine that I spend my days and nights reading Dickens. They are crazy.

"It seems I once wrote a novel filled with what people persist in thinking good companionship.

"Very well then. There it is.

"But I have a perfect right to produce another novel, equally long, that is filled with bad companionship.

"I refuse to go through literature, just as I refuse to go through life, with either a fixt grin or a permanent scowl. I propose to be gay and wretched by turns, just as it suits me. Of course, you have an equal right to refuse to read me, but then you will exercise that right anyhow.

"And an artist is a fool who bothers his head about what people want, for the simple reason that people do not know what they want—not, that is, until they have had it.

"But if any of them, speaking in public, should want to call me 'a good companion' again, I warn them here and now that there will be trouble."

Philadelphia Radio English

PHILADELPHIA MAY THINK SHE SPEAKS pure English, just as New England with her "down East" intonations entertains no slightest doubt.

But the radio tells, when a listener like Deems Taylor of *The Morning American* takes a pencil to jot down the announcer's idiom, barring, of course, the slips that are common to the general.

The following is his report which we reproduce without prejudice; rather to give one a chance to check up on one's own missteps in speech:

"A faithful transcript of some specimens of English diction from the lips of the announcer who spoke during the intermission of the concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor, as broadcast on Saturday evening, December fifth.

"That idennical moment . . .
"The artic snows . . .
"Stokuffski . . .
"Praps you rather know . . .
"She's gettin' aout now . . .
"A very lorge man . . .
"Smokin' cigarets through ther nose . . .
"Men with tayul coats . . .
"A flat sort of a thing . . .
"The time's gettin' shirt . . .
"TimPONNI . . .
"Are yup there?
"I guess they wanna feel ther impertnce . . ."

DIFFERENT sections of America as well as England have their own peculiarities of speech bred in the tongue, and the right and wrong of them are hard to determine.

Prof. W. C. Greet of Columbia University is reported in the New York *Sun* on some points of our "speech snobbery":

"He said that the pronunciation of 'laugh,' 'half' and 'aunt' commonly heard in New York and many other sections of the country was the polite and aristocratic pronunciation in the England of Restoration times and also in America up through the 1850's, and that the broad vowel sound now heard in Boston was cultivated originally by those who sought to avoid affectation.

"Similarly, according to Professor Greet, whether a person says 'goin'' or 'going,' there is sufficient historical authority for both, for in England of the eighteenth century the pronunciation of the last letter in words ending in 'ing' was not in every case regarded as proper, and 'singing' was commonly pronounced 'singin'' by the educated.

"Even to-day, Dr. Greet reminded his audience, there is considerable doubt about the correct way to say 'leggings,' the most common form being heard without the final 'g.'"

The Stupid One

Anne of Cleves, whom Henry couldn't bear—but Miss Skinner makes tolerable, even laughable. The moment here is her arrival at Rochester, 1540.

The Cover

MR. SWAN, who has once before figured on the pages of our covers, is represented again with "A Modern Madonna."

It is easy to see that Mr. Swan does not hold with the "Modernists," tho his subject is modern enough. Both mother and child are such as any household might present.

The technical treatment is forthright and simple, with a harking back to the ideals of Ingres if to any one.

The expression of the faces is indicative of contented motherhood and somewhat fearful childhood.

In our issue of July 19, 1930, we spoke of him as a dancer who later turned to painting, and did portraits of such notables as Raquel Meller, Violet Heming, Anna Pavlova, and Madame Cabanel.

The New York *Times* calls attention to "the sensitivities" of his drawings, and singles out the head of Raquel Meller as expressive of these qualities.

Living in New York, his work has been shown regularly at the National Academy of Design and the Architectural League.

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Religious Optimism for the New Year

DURING THE WORLD WAR God was besought in all tongues to bring victory to the Allies or the Central Powers.

Each side asked His mercy and His especial favor.

This spectacle of a divided Christianity praying the Father to take a hand in the general slaughter of His opposing children was not soon forgotten by the critics of the Church at large.

It has not been forgotten by the churches themselves, as witness the many formal avowals that they will take part in war no more.

They are repentant. "It is not too much to say that they have been on their knees since 1918," writes Dr. S. Parkes Cadman in *The Baptist*. "And one may add," he says, "that they are never more influential for good than when they confess their sins and shortcomings." He recalls that the opening note of the famous Stockholm Conference was struck by the Bishop of Winchester's sermon, based on the text, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye and believe the Gospel."

If we look back with some sadness and chagrin on the year just passing, and on all the years since 1914, we may, perhaps, borrow the optimism of Dr. Cadman to greet the New Year just coming over the horizon.

These Are Thy Poets

By Edith Lombard Squires

THESE are Thy poets, Lord, who in their lives
Have written large the epic of their days,
The saga of brave souls whose being strives
Beyond the pent-house of laborious ways,
Turning their chisel to a finer stone
Than this dull block of granite of the earth,
And carving there a semblance like Thine own—
A living monument to faith's rebirth.

These are Thy poets, Lord, who hold their flames
Above the choking ashes of world-dust—
Brave mothers who remember small sweet names—
All sorrowing hearts that keep their faith in trust.
These are Thy poets, Lord, a pilgrim band,
Lighting high hope above a darkened land.

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

THAT declaration of Jesus repeated in Stockholm registers the temper which to-day animates visioned spirits in all the churches, says Dr. Cadman. But he tells us that it is not noted as it ought to be, and that not many of the numerous critics of organized religion are aware of what its guides are actually purposing for the world's reconstruction. He points out "several distinct lines of effort which are fairly pulsating with the determination that religion as an institutional force shall faithfully serve our generation according to the will of God":

"First, the churches are giving the Prophecies and Gospels of the Bible to the race in 815 of its languages. That this book is by far the best seller in literature does not insure a peaceful world.

"But it helps to lay the only foundations for such a world. The Old Testament's predictions of a golden age when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks are read daily by millions of the widely diversified inhabitants of our planet.

"The New Testament's story of Bethlehem, and what came after it, led by the Prince of Peace, is related in African kraals and Asiatic villages as well as in European and American cathedrals and churches.

"Silently, persistently, continuously, the Holy Scripture's glorious testimonies to righteousness and love interpenetrate the universal consciousness. To those testimonies the statesman, the educator, the tribal chieftain, and the fierce savage alike turn for light and life. The skeptical and materialistic literature of the age are as foam on the ocean compared with the steady tides of sacred reality pouring out of the world-wide distribution of the Bible."

Second, says Dr. Cadman, the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches have sent to all lands an immense group of at least 50,000 missionaries—ambassadors of peace and good-will who are "everywhere helping to weave the warp and woof of sympathetic understanding and friendship." The gunboat sometimes follows the missionary, we have been reminded:

"But too few of us know how often the vials of war have been stopt by his sacrificial service.

"The advance-guard of Christ's pioneers in non-Christian regions has redeemed the credit of His dominion from its beginnings two thousand years ago at Jerusalem until this day.

"They have explored new territories, compared their Faith with other historic religions, demonstrated Christ's irreducible spiritual value for all men; diffused the best culture of our civilization, tamed the lust of cruel despots, restored to outcast tribes their rights as God's children, succored the helpless and forsaken. No other institution and no other government can muster for its foreign service an equally equipped and successful band of dedicated men and women.

"The joy of the Lord is their strength; their words go out to the ends of the earth."

THIRD, is the advance made possible through religious internationalism:

"Anglicanism is one at the base throughout English-speaking nations.

"Methodism has planted its banners in many countries.

"The Salvation Army marches with gladness and confidence into every region.

"The Presbyterian World Alliance is akin to the decennial Methodist Ecumenicals, the Congregational International Councils, and the various Pan-Synods of the Protestant Faith and Order.

"The Roman Catholic Church presents to the leaders of democratic or monarchical States a historic example of unbroken alinement as yet impossible in the political realm.

"Organizations of a voluntary nature, such as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association, have taken the world for their parish.

"The Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union, and similar Hebrew and Catholic organizations for youth, are instrumental for good in their reconciling effects upon the racial prejudices and militant leanings which disfigure Christendom."

PROBABLY the most important post-war development in the unity of religious bodies for peace, thinks Dr. Cadman, is the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work, which was initiated by a common consent. Delegates from every church in the world except the Roman Catholic met at Stockholm in August, 1925, and their proceedings, says Dr. Cadman, were watched with keen and sympathetic interest by both Roman Catholics and Jews. Soviet Russia's atheistic rulers were so agitated by the showing the Council made in behalf of Christianity, he recalls, that they endeavored to offset the Council's discussions by extensive contradictions over the radio.

At Stockholm, we are reminded, began the work of harmony which linked Anglicans, Protestants, and Eastern Orthodox brethren to each other. "There, for the first time in 1,500 years," recalls Dr. Cadman, "the Nicene Creed was recited in a Lutheran Cathedral by a Bishop of the Eastern Church. There the

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Locarno Compacts were made possible, and there the influential churchmen of Central Europe were assured that 'charity never faileth.'"

There, too, nearly 1,000 delegates, under Archbishop Soderblom's guidance, carefully considered the reports of commissions which, for several years previously, had made painstaking examinations of the causes underlying physical violence, and of the possible avenues to peace, "not as mere abstention from war, but as a fixt habit of the international mind."

And, says Dr. Cadman:

"I undertake to say that those reports contain as trustworthy an analysis of this gigantic problem as is available anywhere.

"When that bright and particular star of Anglican Episcopacy, the late Bishop Brent, said that if the churches were so minded, war would be abolished, and that if he was reckoned a fool for so saying, he was God's fool at that, the Council visualized a prospect ranking with those foreseen by Israel's prophets and Christ's apostles. It approached the issue of Church unity, with the changeless conviction that Christ's one way of life must be loyally trodden by all men of good-will, and that He must become actually supreme in all human affairs.

"Princes, prime ministers, judges, and other eminent laymen of high standing in their respective countries, participated in the discussions, and concurred in this momentous decision."

Time to Call the Doctor

AMERICANS FACE RACIAL destruction because of their "frenzied" mode of life, born of a machine-age civilization built on speed and noise.

Morons are at the wheel of the modernized Juggernaut.

This dismal prophecy comes from Dr. Victor Robinson in his book, "The Story of Medicine" (Albert and Charles Boni). He sees little virtue in the machine age.

The American brand of civilization, he writes, "can lead only to ultimate madness."

As he sees the handwriting on the wall:

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"We Are Delirious"

Says Dr. Victor Robinson, and it is time to call the doctor if we would escape ultimate madness.

"We are too far removed from nature, and the result will be racial destruction.

"America's soul is Gasoline, and its god the million-voiced roar of the Motor. Were we less frenzied, we would never have permitted a machine to cripple and kill human beings every moment of the day and night.

"In the era of preventive medicine, it is hazardous to cross the street.

"Our present ability to survive is largely dependent upon our skill or luck in avoiding speeding morons, who for no reason at all are rushing from nowhere to nowhere.

"According to the official figures: 'For several years automobile deaths in New York City have exceeded the combined mortality of typhoid fever, measles, scarlet-fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, meningitis, and bronchitis.' To reduce the general mortality, while the automobile mortality is mounting, makes a ghastly jest of public health."

DR. ROBINSON feels the national pulse, and is alarmed that—

"The American fever has reached dangerous heights.

"It is impossible to look through a daily newspaper without realizing we are delirious. At the recent community health meeting (Octover 15, 1931), Charles Horace Mayo stated terrible facts: 'Every other hospital bed in the United States is now occupied by the mentally afflicted, insane, idiotic, feeble-minded, and senile. In addition, there is an enormous number of people almost fit for the asylum.'

"What is the outlook for the next generation? If America takes thought of the heritage of its children, perhaps it will realize the time has come to call the doctor."

Another Martyr to Science

THE LONG ROLL OF MARTYRS TO SCIENCE receives another name.

From his schoolboy days, Alfred Seymour Reinhart of Dorchester, Massachusetts, knew that he was doomed to die of a heart ailment. All that medical science could do for him would be to relieve him of his pain in the last stages of the disease.

Yet he devoted his definitely numbered days to a systematic laboratory study of his own case, and a detailed record of his symptoms and suffering. He refused all opiates, lest they confuse his mind and mar the record he had set himself to keep.

"By his matchless martyrdom," said Rabbi Samuel Schulman at Temple Emanu-El in New York, as *The Times* quotes him, "he makes us stand with reverence in the presence of the possible greatness of the human spirit." Others join in paying homage to the unfaltering courage of the young student.

First knowledge of the possible fate that awaited him came, as the story is told in *The Times*, while the boy was a second-year student at the Boston English High School, when an attack of rheumatism damaged one of the valves of his heart. Yet he went to Harvard to study medicine, working his way through the university by scholarships to graduate *magna cum laude*, and spent three years in the medical school before death claimed him.

During his late undergraduate years he noticed certain telltale symptoms, and knew that later certain blotches on his skin would be the unfailing herald of death. These blotches appeared last July, while the young medical student was dining with his sister and brother-in-law. He went to Dr. Soma Weiss, assistant professor of Medicine at Harvard Medical School, and unfolded every detail of his case. Then he settled down for his final work. And we read:

"Alone in a little room set aside for him in the Thorndike Memorial Laboratory at the Boston City Hospital, he summed up the results of his studies of his own case, and on his death-bed, despite excruciating pain, and denying himself the relief that only drugs could offer, he dictated the final observations of a physician on his most intimate patient in the hope that his record might add to the store of medical knowledge."

So well had he diagnosed his case, we read, that he was able to view subjectively each new pain, each recurring manifestation of the growth and spread of the disease within his own body. In the introduction to his notes he wrote:

"These notes are designed to constitute the observations of the natural history and course of a generally fatal disease, and the memoirs of the subjective reactions of a patient to that disease.

"It is modestly hoped that here and there, there may be a statement which may prove of value in the elucidation of some medical problem involving the psychology of the sick-room."

So intent had young Reinhart been on his notes that he refused any drugs until the very last, and explained his action thus: "Despite my pain, I am hesitant about taking the drug because it would cloud whatever abdominal symptoms were present, and would make the diagnosis difficult."

Dr. Weiss, who knew the student intimately, said he knew of no parallel case of heroism. He plans to publish Reinhart's notes, to stand as a lasting tribute to a martyr to science.

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Sorry Days for European Jews

ANTI-JEWISH VIOLENCE in Europe has extended even to the dissection room and the graveyard.

In Poland, we read, Nationalist and Jewish students quarreled over the use of corpses in the Anatomical Institute. The Nationalists objected to Jewish students dissecting bodies of Christians, and demanded a larger supply of Jewish bodies.

In Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia anti-Jewish excesses appear almost to be chronic.

In Austria the plight of the Jew is reported to be little better, and in Germany the "Nazi" movement, which is said to look on the Nordic race as "the finest flower on the tree of humanity,"

Keystone photograph

Demanding More Jewish Bodies for the Dissecting Room

An anti-Jewish riot in front of the University of Warsaw, where Polish students object to Jewish students dissecting the bodies of Christians.

is reported to vent its racial spleen against the Jews. This in spite of the fact that Adolf Hitler is said to be of Alpine stock, and probably not Nordic at all in the biological sense.

Jews the world over are aroused over the continuous reports of atrocities in Europe. Protest meetings have been held in Montreal and New York, and the League of Nations has been asked to intervene.

For the people of Israel the outlook for the New Year is dark indeed.

In Poland, according to a special cable to the New York *Times* by Jerzy Szapiro, the students' quarrel resulted in assaulting Jews on the street, damaging Jewish property, and in the senseless demolition of gravestones in a Jewish cemetery. Two hundred were injured in street rioting, and one Polish student was killed.

UNIVERSITIES and schools were closed for two weeks, during the open hostilities. At its reopening the rector of Warsaw University appealed to the common sense and patriotic feeling of the students, and anti-Jewish violence was condemned by Nationalist leaders.

"Only a small minority of Poles is actively anti-Semitic, with the majority indifferent," writes Mr. Szapiro; "but if it comes to an issue of the Government against Polish students in defense of the Jews, sympathy will be with the students."

Tho violence appeared at an end at the time of writing, says Mr. Szapiro, there is an open advocacy of an economic boycott and a social and intellectual ban against the Jews.

Even if there had been no outbreaks of violence, says *The Canadian Jewish Chronicle* (Montreal), the Jewish situation in Poland would have been tragic enough. "For, under cover, the Government has been reducing its Jewish subjects to pauperism by taking away from them their customary trades, by absorbing them in its government monopoly, and by refusing to give employment to Jews in these same trades, and by gradually dismissing those who were formerly in the service of the State." In Germany the Hitlerites are making steady headway against the Jewish people, reports *The Jewish Exponent* (Philadelphia), which goes on to say:

"What originally seemed like a trifle—the wild caprice of an irresponsible adventurer—has taken on menacing proportions, not only for our people, but also for all of Germany. Already repercussions are heard in other countries, and none can say to what extent the rest of the world may be involved.

"In Austria the plight of the Jews is no better. There the so-called cultural element is taking the initiative with institutions of learning as the target for attack. From Roumania come reports of new anti-Jewish excesses with the tide of anti-Jewish feeling gaining in momentum. A number of the smaller countries have not remained free from the venom seeping in from neighboring States. These are sorry days for European Jewry."

A PROTEST meeting in New York, held under the auspices of the American Jewish Congress, adopted resolutions urging the Polish Government to take drastic steps to end violence against Jews and other manifestations of bigotry and hostility. Copies of the resolution were sent to the Polish Embassy. The speakers included George Gordon Battle, noted lawyer; Charles H. Tuttle, former United States Attorney and chairman of the Interfaith Committee; Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, secretary of the American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities; Rabbi Stephen Wise of the Free Synagogue, and Bernard S. Deutsch, president of the American Jewish Congress.

"It is our duty as Americans and as human beings," said Mr. Battle, as *The Times* quotes him, "to do all in our power to prevent these crimes against our fellow human beings."

A similar protest meeting was held in Montreal, and an appeal for justice to Polish Jews was sent to Ottawa and to the League of Nations.

BUT *The American Jewish World* (Minneapolis) tells us that the anti-Jewish movement in Poland is aroused not so much to harm the Jews as to discredit the Pilsudski Government, and it utters this serious warning:

"American professional Jews who see in every anti-Jewish incident abroad an opportunity to lift their voices in public clamor have failed to understand that their outcry at this time places in the balance the lives of the entire Jewish population of Poland.

"The disturbances that have occurred in recent weeks are far from being the pogroms that Jewish news agencies call them. They have been physical encounters in which the Jewish self-defense corps have given good account of themselves. But if the Polish masses as a whole should get the idea that American Jews are attempting to dictate their internal policy, the result would be a holocaust such as only Poland could provide, this being the same Poland which once slaughtered a half million Jews at a time."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

WHO has thought to pity the lower animals, turned from their natural courses to serve the will of the gods? From *The New Statesman and Nation* (London):

THE VILLAINS

BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

Pity the grave, dispassionate white bull,
Younger than desire, young as dreaming,
Wandering gently gay and clover-full
In the cool fields of evening—
Suddenly lightning-wild and whirlwind-trembling,
Possessed for Jove's dissembling.

Pity the Sea-beast Perseus slew,
Pity its fierce bewilderment,
Torn up to battle upon painful land,
From the long caves,
The deep, pale sand
And the wide privacy of waves.

Pity the eagles of Prometheus,
The gaunt doomed eagles crying
Above the rock of anguish,
Condemned to torture the lean flesh of light,
Lost to the high hunt and the fiery flying.

THE sea seems to waste none of its imaginative invention on its denizens that we fish for. Let food be enough for you, it seems to say. From the London *Spectator:*

TUNNY-FISH

(Concarneau Harbour)

BY G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

Boat after boat,
And more boats come,
Crowded closer than casks with bottles—
Grey torpedoes,
Rigid tunny-fish.

Now they lie in square battalions,
Ranked in hundreds,
One grey uniform for hundreds:
Hundreds, thousands,
Dead in the barrack-square, drilled for inspection.

As if the Sea,
Of whose wild humours
Are hourly moulded
Giants, graces, ghosts and goblins,
Shapes more whimsical-fantastic
Than ever troubled the brain of Earth,—

As if the Sea,
Inexhaustible deviser,
Could only repeat,
A dull mechanic,
Its fancy failing,
One single, grey, monotonous, moribund thought.

A FABLE for those whose matrimonial relations are tending toward the rocks. In *The Saturday Review* (London):

A WOMAN'S WAY

BY E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

Her gaze was on the curtains while he talked,
Phrasing the wrongs in a contemptuous tone,
Most like a dog denuded of its bone;
The sum was that their seams were badly caulked,
She had not kept to the broad path he chalked;
Henceforward each must go his way alone,
Meeting upon occasions; she must own
Fairmindedly all other plans were baulked.

He ceased; she looked up timidly, both eyes
Ablaze with their deep blue interior fire:
"It must be six months since that pair was washed;
I am to blame for that. I can't disguise
Admiring your resolve not to enquire";
And, by unreason, all his quarrel dashed.

IN a note in *Poetry* (Chicago) Mrs. Spencer tells us: "I was more than two years gathering data for this poem, and the trail led among leading specialists. Nobody had heard of the beaded-sole moccasins"—Indian friends told her of that custom:

SHOES OF DEATH

BY LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

My brave goes on the warpath. At his belt
Hang wee worn moccasins.
Our child has others now, small but splendid
With gay beaded soles
Used only by walkers on air.
When he lay sick, I made them, weeping,
In haste yet beautifully:
I had not thought to fashion sandals of the grave
For one so young.
His father takes the little life-shoes
To bind on a slain enemy:
Thus, he will find our babe in the spirit-world
And be his friend.

The Omahas return singing.
My man has scalps at his side,
Not tiny moccasins that tread my heart.
His proud strength strides to us
Sits by my side, smiling,
Smiling sinks to earth
Which reddens with his secret wound. . . .
They draw the white last lines on his face:
Two and two and two and two.
They speak: "You came with the holy Buffalo:
We wrap you in their sacred hide. Go back to them!
Turn no more this bitter way!
Be strong! Your four souls seek four heaven-winds."

I cut my hair above him. I gash my arms for sorrow.
My cries shall follow . . . follow . . .
Wailings are flute and drum-call to the dead.
See, on his happy feet
That will fly the trail of our son,
What I wrought with laughter
In our days of bridal
Thinking to be quiet on my hilltop
Long, long before his need.
"Wokonda, God-Mystery, your warrior is ready!
His steps touch earth no more
Who wears splendid moccasins
With gay beaded soles."

THE "black-and-tan" days are happily over for Ireland, and the London *Spectator* prints this reminiscence of years that held romance and tragedy:

FLESH AND STONE

BY LENNOX ROBINSON

She was buxom,
He was young;
She said
"When I have dished the dinner and washed the plates I will come,
Ye know, and sit be the side of the road."

Afternoon . . . long sunshine . . .
He held her close and he kissed her,
The long green grasses were all bent,
And she laid her hand on a stone.

The stone tells a tale
Of a young man shot by night,
Shot at sight,
A tragic, Black-and-Tan tale.

She grumbled
"'Tis a cold, old stone."

Oh stone,
Do you turn,
Do you sigh,
Do you tremble, do you yearn?
Better cold and alone.
. . . Stone.

THE spirit of war sacrifice is needed today, or this staff-reporter of the Boston *Post* is mistaken:

IF THEY SHOULD RISE

BY HENRY GILLEN

If life flowed back and they should rise
From hillocks neatly spaded down,
With youth still sparkling in their eyes,
And wander up the road to town,
And see the stars and feel the sun
And touch a tree and press a hand,
And fill the urge to laugh and run—
I wonder would they understand.

How could they ever comprehend
The downcast mouth, the furrowed brow,
The feeling we are near the end
And there is naught to save us now;
Would they sit down and join our bleat
About the little woes that rack,
Or tell us to get on our feet
And scale the heights by battling back?

Have we forgotten darker nights
When terror thundered through the skies,
When bugles sang and our delights
Were offered up in sacrifice,
When we were called upon to spend
Far more than wealth—our blood and bone—
Not for our own and gainful end,
But gifts on freedom's altar-stone?

God give us back the ancient fight,
Renew the courage of the Aisne,
Unfurl the flags, refresh the light
That swept the Argonne wood and plain,
Arouse us, God, to stir the marts,
To spin the wheels and strike our stride,
So we may face with braver hearts
The days to be for which they died.

WITH a rhythm that is pure music, and a sentiment religious, this contributor to *The Commonweal* (New York) treats the age-old theme of the dying year:

THE FEAST OF SILENCE

BY SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS

How the glory of your going is sweet again and new
When the August moon is at your feet and twelve stars feel the glow
Of the light that drenched our darkness and wove the only blue
For the mantle of Assumption from the air where lilies blow.

How the armor of October flashes challenge to the sky
On the smoldering bridge of summer when the harvest wars are won,
Till the life-blood of the wounded year is read as Bosran dye,
For the staining of your roses at Lepanto in the sun.

But all the yearning world is still when Love lifts up your name—
(Immaculate, Immaculate, our tears are in His voice!)
Lo, in snow-fall of December flowers the mystery of the flame
That is burning in His silence, the silence of your choice.

FROM the *Step-Ladder* (Chicago):

THE WORKERS

BY RICHARD KIRK

The little fishes in the stream
Indolently glide and gleam. . .
While beneath them sit the surly
Cynic clams,
Patiently producing pearly
Epigrams.

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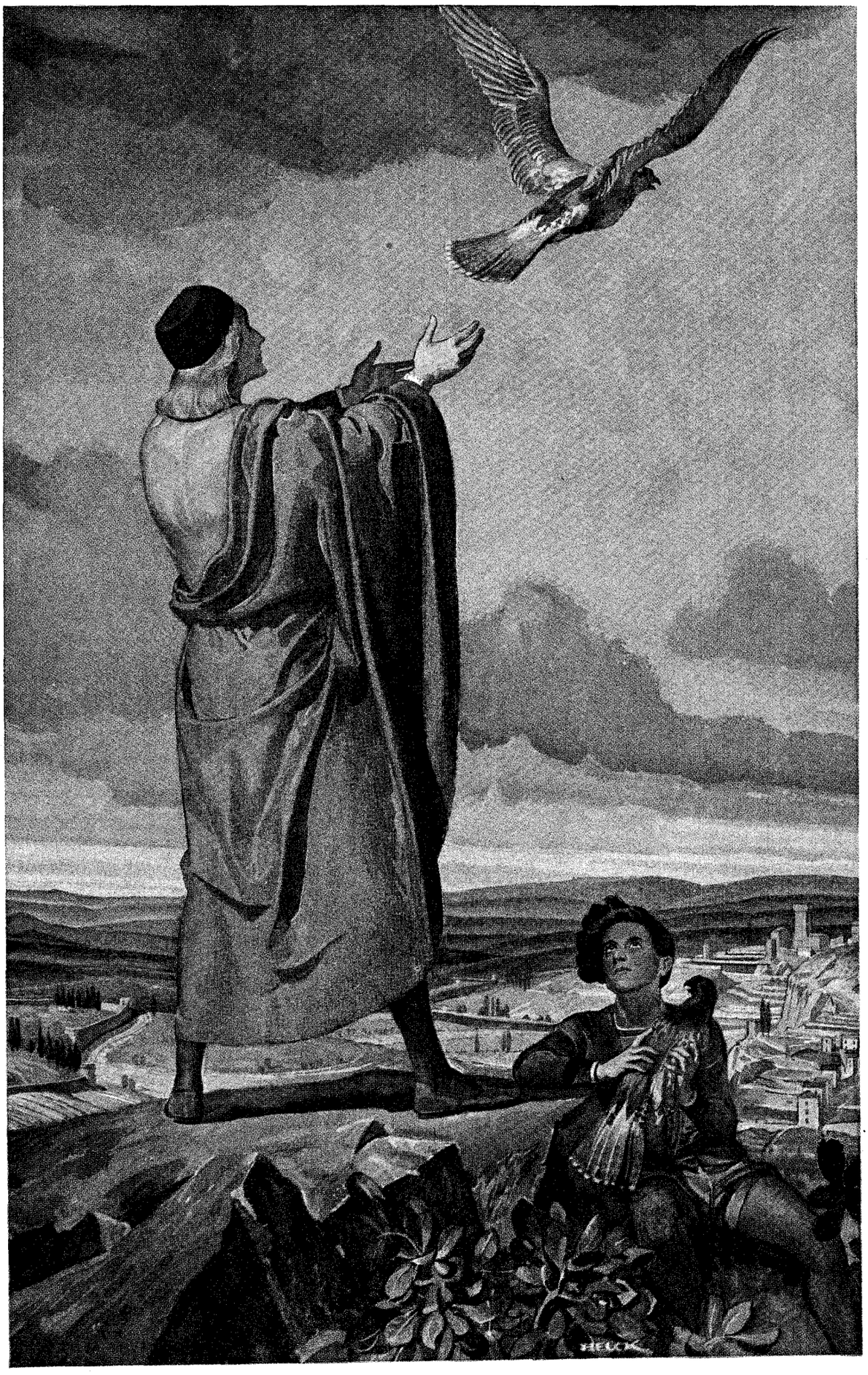

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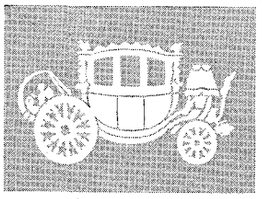
THE DESIRE TO KNOW



Nearly five hundred years ago Leonardo da Vinci built an amazing forerunner to the modern aeroplane. Its design utilized principles fundamental in the construction of aircraft today. For from the hills near Florence he had released hundreds of birds in order to study their flight, while in his laboratory, he had examined the structure of their wings, and the contours of their bodies.

This was the man who also taught the world of art to found its draughtsmanship on a sound knowledge of the physical facts of atmosphere and matter. He it was, moreover, who first observed the presence of shells in the rocks and pointed out that much might be learned from a study of fossils. His notebook shows that human nature, also, was the object of his constant searching. For in him burned an insatiable desire to *know*.

The greatest human progress has always been founded on this urge. Indeed it is the very creed of our scientific age. Ill-fated the venture which, on the other hand, strives to uphold a mere theory without an open mind to facts.

That is why research has been given a leading position in the operations of the Fisher Body Corporation. Not a single phase of design or construction is admitted without research, or adopted without trial.

Relative merits of various body types are put to every possible test for strength, quietness and utility. Fisher is prepared to produce any type. Fisher produces the type that careful unprejudiced investigation has upheld.

Combinations of wood and steel are selected on the sole basis of superior research results. Construction methods are adopted on the record of scientific evidence. Springs, upholstery, finish—every item, however small—must run the gamut of testing, and stand or fall on proof. Fisher, too, is dominated by the desire to *know*.

This is a characteristic of modern manufacturing. In every industrial field the leaders are those who are paying the most attention to research and tests.

If you ever come to Detroit, you can see to what great lengths this goes. For in the Fisher Body plants you will find the most advanced research and testing facilities—unexcelled, in their field, elsewhere in all the world.

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CAD

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Four Completely N

ON Saturday, January 2, Cadillac-La Salle dea
will display in their showrooms four comple
new lines of automobiles—a La Salle V-
Cadillac V-8, a Cadillac V-12 and a Cadillac V

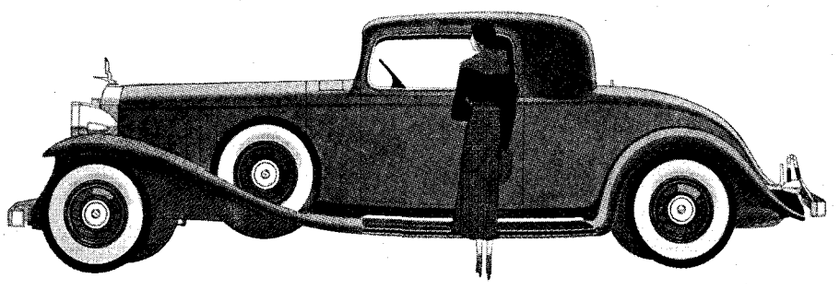
Nothing that Cadillac has ever accomplished c
compare in importance or significance with
introduction of these four distinguished new
In their obvious fidelity to the highest ideal
conception and construction; in their wholly
and original Fisher and Fleetwood styling; an
the rich luxury of their performance and
fort—they establish standards which no o
Cadillac-built automobiles have ever approac

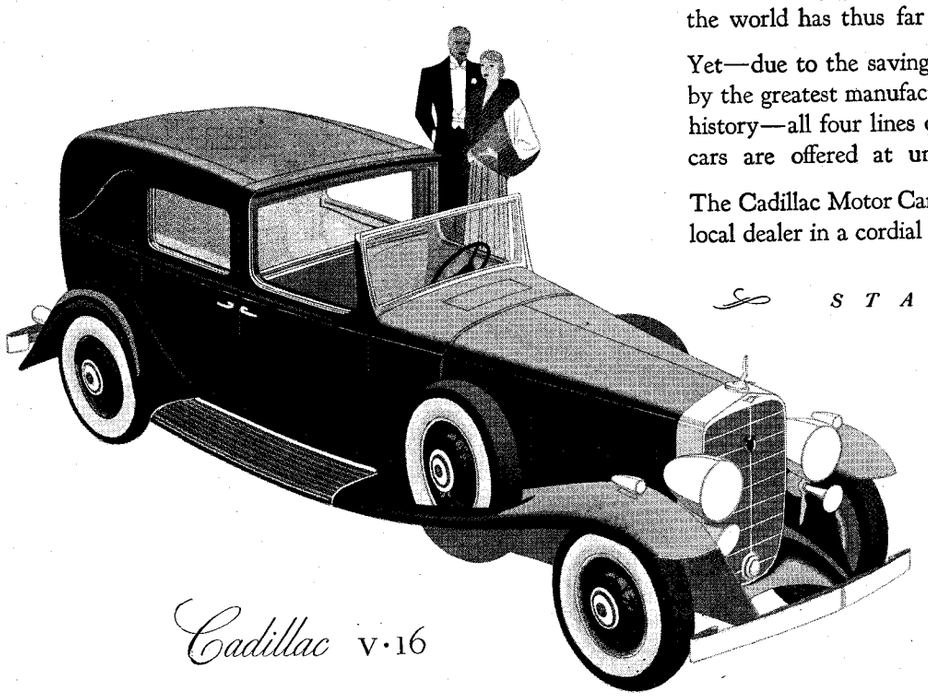
In fact, in all those scores of vital elements w
make a motor car more useful, as well as
desirable, they go entirely beyond any concept
the world has thus far had reason to anticip

Yet—due to the savings which are made pos
by the greatest manufacturing program in Cad
history—all four lines of these distinguished
cars are offered at unusually attractive pr

The Cadillac Motor Car Company joins with
local dealer in a cordial invitation to see and

Cadillac V·8





Cadillac V·16

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THE NEW LASALLE V-8—a brilliant new interpretation of a distinguished automobile; available on wheelbases of 130 inches and 136 inches; powered by a new 115-horsepower, compensated V-type eight-cylinder engine; seven beautiful body types by Fisher; generous selection of color combinations and smart interior ensembles; five wire wheels, with English-type rims, standard equipment at no extra cost; a Cadillac product in every sense of the word.

THE NEW CADILLAC V-8—offered in 134-inc
140-inch wheelbases; twenty exquisite body types by
and Fleetwood, including open, convertible and
models to meet practically every individual preference
erous selection of handsome color combinations; conti
upholstery fabrics, tailored in a new motif; a new 115-
power compensated V-8 engine; five wire wheels sta
equipment at no extra cost; custom distinction throu

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L L A C

t Achievement

LINES OF MOTOR CARS

ese new creations. And we ask that you go with gh anticipations—for Cadillac firmly believes that has achieved a very real and fundamental advance- nt in the development of land transportation.

ie following basic improvements are typical of e advanced engineering and construction found roughout the new Cadillacs and La Salles: iple silent Syncro-Mesh transmission ✓ Full-range le regulator ✓ Controlled free wheeling ✓ Six-point bber-cushioned engine suspension ✓ Cast-molyb- num safety brakes ✓ Super-safe, three-filament adlamps ✓ Exclusive Cadillac no-flex frames ✓ xed-adjustment, compression-type spring shackles Air-cooled fuel lines ✓ Air-cooled generator ✓ ompletely new exterior appearance ✓ Increased dy dimensions ✓ Thirty percent greater vision r the driver ✓ Dual-insulated flooring ✓ Sound- oofed bodies ✓ Full-vision Cadillac instrument nel, with watch-crystal dials ✓ Comfort-contour ats and cushions ✓ Free-vision, tri-spoke steering heel ✓ Custom interior appointments, of new otif ✓ Finest available upholstery fabrics, tailored the continental mode ✓ Increased power ✓ In- eased gasoline economy ✓ Greater ease of control

THE WORLD

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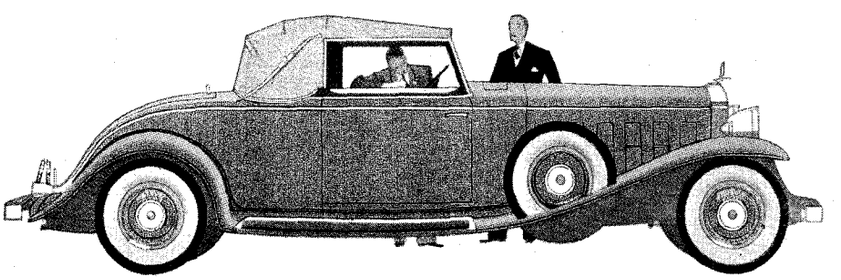
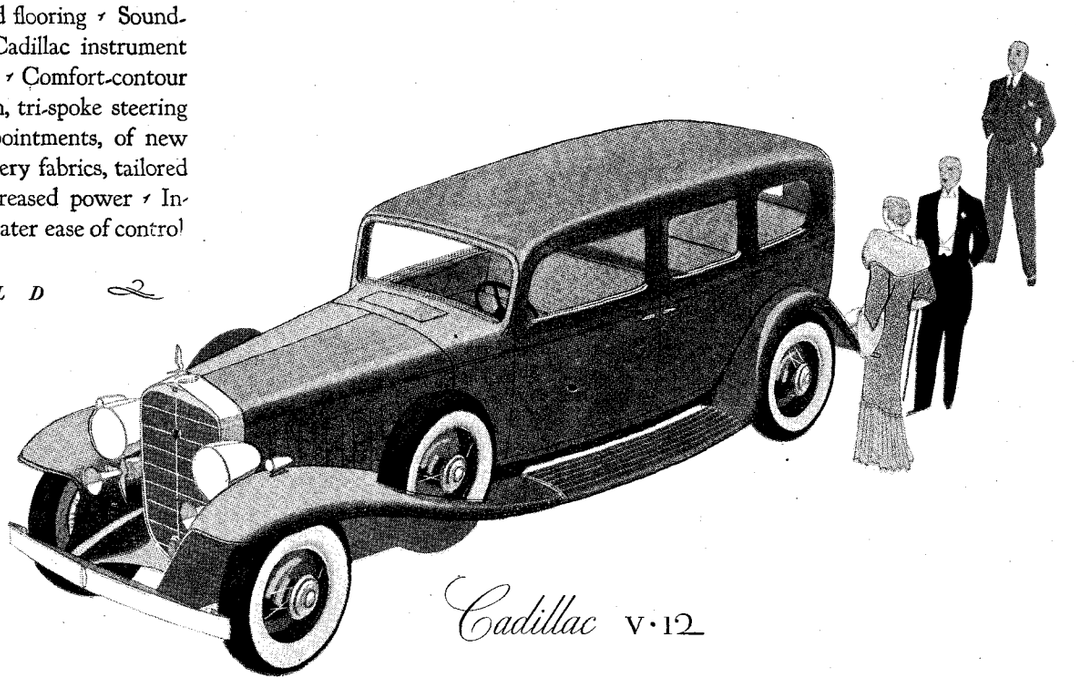
troit
s standard
extra cost

La Salle V·8





Cadillac V·12

HE NEW CADILLAC V-12—Unsurpassed, from any andpoint, save by the Cadillac V-16; twelve exclusive and stinguished body conceptions by Fisher, and eight additional pes from the custom shops of Fleetwood; fourteen beautiful lor options and fourteen exquisite upholstery combinations; 4-inch and 140-inch wheelbases; 135-horsepower V-type 12- linder engine; five wire wheels standard at no additional st; a most luxurious and individual automotive creation.

THE NEW CADILLAC V-16—Cadillac's grandest conception of the world's most luxurious motor car; eight distinguished bodies by Fisher, and eight custom creations by Fleetwood; color combinations and interior options to gratify the most fastidious preference; 143-inch and 149-inch wheelbases; 165-horsepower V-type 16-cylinder engine; five wire wheels standard equipment at no additional cost; continental-type disc wheels available as special accessories.

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Better Signals for Less Money

RAILROADS MAY NOW PROTECT TRAFFIC at grade-crossings more effectively than ever before, and save money, too, by doing so.

How this is being done is explained in *The Railway Age* (New York) by a writer who tells us that the net saving to one railroad alone has been $200,000 annually.

The replacement of the old-fashioned gateman or signal-operator by automatic devices was originally, in fact, purely

Courtesy of *Railway Signaling* (Chicago)

Saves More Lives and More Money

The automatic signal works twenty-four hours a day and asks no board or clothes.

a matter of economy. The crossings multiplied, and the gatemen cost too much. But in replacing them with machinery it was found that better protection was gained. We read:

"The installation of highway-crossing signals or gates, with automatic or centralized manual control, in place of watchmen or gates operated locally by hand, will effect savings equivalent to 30 to 100 per cent. on the cost of the improvements, and at the same time provide full twenty-four-hour protection as compared with part-time service otherwise.

"Prior to the advent of the automobile, the protection of highway grade crossings with railways was confined primarily to the installation of warning signs, since drivers of horse-drawn vehicles had ample time and opportunity to look for approaching trains except at points where buildings or high banks cut off the view, at which places watchmen or warning bells were commonly employed.

"During the last twenty years the rapid development of improved highways carrying fast-moving automobiles has introduced an entirely new problem. From time to time a watchman has been added or gates installed. With increased wages and the limitation of working hours, this non-revenue service has made heavy charges against operation. For example, on sixty-six miles of a double-track division on a Western road, the operating charges for crossing protection, including gatemen and flagmen, approximated $216,000 a year, or $3,272 per mile of line.

"According to the Interstate Commerce Commission, there were 240,673 highway-railroad grade crossings in the United States at the close of 1930. Altho the active campaign which was carried on in 1930 resulted in the elimination of 1,984 crossings, more than 1,848 new crossings were added, thus effecting a net reduction of only 136. It is evident that the problem can not be solved in this way. Therefore, attention is turned to means of protecting the crossings.

"Protection by other means than fixt signs was provided at 30,287 crossings in the United States at the end of last year. Audible or visible signals, or both, without other protection, were in service at 18,562 crossings. As this type of equipment is ordinarily controlled automatically by track circuits, there is little opportunity to reduce the operating costs. However, there is a big opportunity for making savings at the 4,947 crossings where gates are in service, as well as at the 7,714 crossings where watchmen are employed. At many such locations, improved types of protection can be installed or the control system can be so changed as to eliminate or reduce the number of watchmen or gatemen.

"The maintenance and operation of manually-controlled gates is expensive. However, for certain locations, no other form of protection seems to be adequate. On a high-speed electric suburban line of the Illinois Central in Chicago, where there are crossings at every block, the gates at several adjacent crossings are controlled from one point.

"Gates are available which may be run into without damage to the automobile or the gate itself. Likewise, these gates can be lowered on a car without damage to the vehicle. Such gates, controlled automatically, are being used quite extensively on the Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee, while the Louisville & Nashville has crossings so equipped, and the Illinois Central is making a similar installation.

"The Wabash has installed flashing-light crossing signals at thirteen street crossings in Wabash, Indiana. The maintainer's helper is on hand to control the signals manually when the local freight train is switching, but the control is automatic the remainder of the time. The annual saving totals $7,800.

"The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has replaced gates by rotating disk-signals with flasher-lights at numerous locations. Numerous other installations are providing better protection than was formerly furnished, and in addition are making excellent savings in operating expenses."

Death by Freezing

IN his book "Weather," the British meteorologist Ralph Abercromby, writing of deaths by freezing in our American blizzards, says:

"A very curious circumstance attends these deaths. In almost every case the victims are found to have begun to strip themselves. When the body is nearly reduced to an icicle, only a very little blood continues to circulate languidly through the brain. Then delirium sets in, with the delusive sensation of heat, under the influence of which the traveler begins to divest himself of his clothes."

In a review of the book, quoted by Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature *Why the Weather?*, Prof. M. W. Harrington, later chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, stated that, tho he was born and bred on the outskirts of the blizzard region, he had never heard of such an effect of freezing, to which Abercromby replied by quoting the following from H. M. Robinson's "The Great Fur Land" (New York, 1879):

"I have had five cases of freezing to death brought under my personal observation. In every case the subject gave indubitable indications of insanity before death, and in every case exhibited it in the same way—by casting off his clothing and wandering away from it. One subject was entirely nude, and fully a mile from the last article of clothing he had discarded."

Death by freezing, Mr. Talman goes on, happens from time to time in all the colder parts of the world, and there is no reason to suppose that the effect mentioned—if it occurs at all—is peculiar to blizzards. But does it occur at all?

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Fat People and the Fattest Man

CITIZENS WHO PUFF THEIR CHESTS OUT with pride whenever our country possesses the biggest or the tallest this or that, may now swell even larger—for we have the fattest man!

Not only the fattest in the world, but the fattest that ever lived, so far as we know. He lives in Los Angeles and weighs 787 pounds.

Daniel Lambert, who lived in England and died in 1809, weighed only 739. "Miss Ima Whale" of the Ringling Circus, probably the world's fattest woman, tips the scales at 630.

What makes such people fat—or any fat persons, for that matter? *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio) essays to tell us. We read in its pages:

"There is nothing dangerous about Harry R——, a citizen of California, twenty-three years old, 6 feet, 1 inch in height, who weighs 787 pounds! He would not harm his friend, Miss Mereida C——, who weighs but eighty-nine pounds—in fact, he would not harm anybody—unless he fell on him! Harry is the heaviest human being ever weighed.

"Why is Harry so fat, and at the same time good-natured?

"Right at the base of the brain, in a tiny niche of the skull's floor, a soft gland is fitted. Blood circulates through it, but no tube leads from it; hence, it is known as a ductless gland. Its particular name is the pituitary; the word in Latin means 'spit,' and is applied because of the old idea that the saliva of the mouth was distilled from this gland. A juice is manufactured within its tissues, after all, and influences the body far more than any mere liquid upon the tongue could do.

"The secretion of the pituitary which is absorbed into the blood controls the growth of the body in a most definite fashion. It regulates the amount of food that will be assimilated after digestion, and when acting properly it permits about the right amount of fat to be deposited under the skin to make us plump.

"If the gland is overactive the fat is burned up by the body's heat and energy, and the person is slender. Such a one may eat and eat and eat, yet never graduate from the 'skinny' class.

"If the gland is underactive the fat is not burned, but is deposited beneath the skin. This is what is the matter with Harry R——; he may deny himself food to the point of weakness, yet what little he does take turns to fat and refuses to leave his body. Exercise to the limit of endurance, and constant hunger would remove but a few pounds of the 787 he possesses."

THERE are other effects of the pituitary gland upon the body, but they probably do not interest Harry, we are assured. He is not greedy—just unfortunate. The chances are that he keeps in a good humor in spite of his troubles—and this brings up the second question, "Why is a fat person usually good-natured?" We are told on this point:

"The flames of anger are fed by the juice of another ductless gland—a pair of them, in fact—the adrenal glands that sit atop the kidneys. From them the blood absorbs a juice that makes for strength in time of stress. A person with good adrenal glands is vigorous, active, and powerful; one with a poor pair is weak, and loves to rest.

"Humans, and animals as well, are stronger when they are angry or frightened. You—or a fox—can run faster after or from an enemy, depending upon the enemy's size and your respect for its power. This strength comes from the juice of the adrenal glands that is poured out in larger quantity in times of emergency—either to fight or run away.

"Not long ago Dr. Himwich of Yale University reported a strange and somewhat childish experiment. They placed a small cat in a cage in front of a large dog. Neither could reach the other, and the dog became more and more enraged while the cat grew wilder and wilder in its fright. At the height of the disturbance the doctor and his helper drew some blood from the veins of each creature, and made a test upon each sample. The amount of fat in the blood of both was unusually high.

"Adrenalin (the juice of the adrenal glands) pours out under the goading of both fear and anger. It causes fat to leave the tissues and enter the blood, in order to supply fuel for the great activity of the muscles for the flight or the fight. It is easy to see, therefore, why anger and ill-temper cause one to lose weight. The opposite is also true; good temper makes no drain upon the fatty tissues. To a degree, then (at least as far as the adrenal glands are concerned), people are not good-natured because they are fat, but are fat because they are good-natured."

Airplanes Without Pilots

AIRPLANES MAY NOW TRAVEL hundreds of miles without the touch of a human steersman.

Steamships have been traveling in that way for many years past; but how many passengers know about it? The mechanism that steers the ships is the "gyro-pilot," and it has now been successfully applied to air-travel as well. Says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York):

"Eighteen persons stept aboard a large transport plane of Eastern Air Transport. The Chief Pilot of the company, Harold A. Elliott, took off from the Newark Airport, set his compass

Wide World photograph. Courtesy of *Current Science*

A World Record

Is held by this citizen, who tips the scales at 787 pounds. The scientific why of it is elucidated in the article.

course for Washington, threw a clutch, and abandoned his post at the controls. The plane flew on steadily under perfect control for ten minutes and then Elliott threw in the clutch, turned the plane on a course back toward Newark, again threw out the clutch, and let the plane fly with no hand at the controls. In eleven minutes, so unerring was the aim and so perfect the control that the plane passed over the center of Newark Airport.

"This flight was the first public demonstration of the Sperry gyro-pilot which does everything but take-off and land a plane. The gyro-pilot is simply the efficient 'Iron Mike' of the sea, invented by the late Elmer Sperry, changed and adapted to use in the air. The entire equipment weighs less than 100 pounds and is enclosed in two small aluminum boxes beneath the pilot's seat.

"Since the 'Dumb Major,' as the new device has been nicknamed, handles a plane along a constant compass course under all conditions of wind and weather with undeviating precision, it is said to eliminate the need for pilots trained in blind flying. That is the way of all progress: as soon as we perfect methods of training in blind flying, something is invented to make such training not always necessary. In the future, planes equipped with the 'Dumb Major' may fly on regular schedule regardless of weather conditions as long as the visibility at terminals is good enough for taking off and landing. New possibilities, therefore, can be seen for a wider and more confident use of airplanes."

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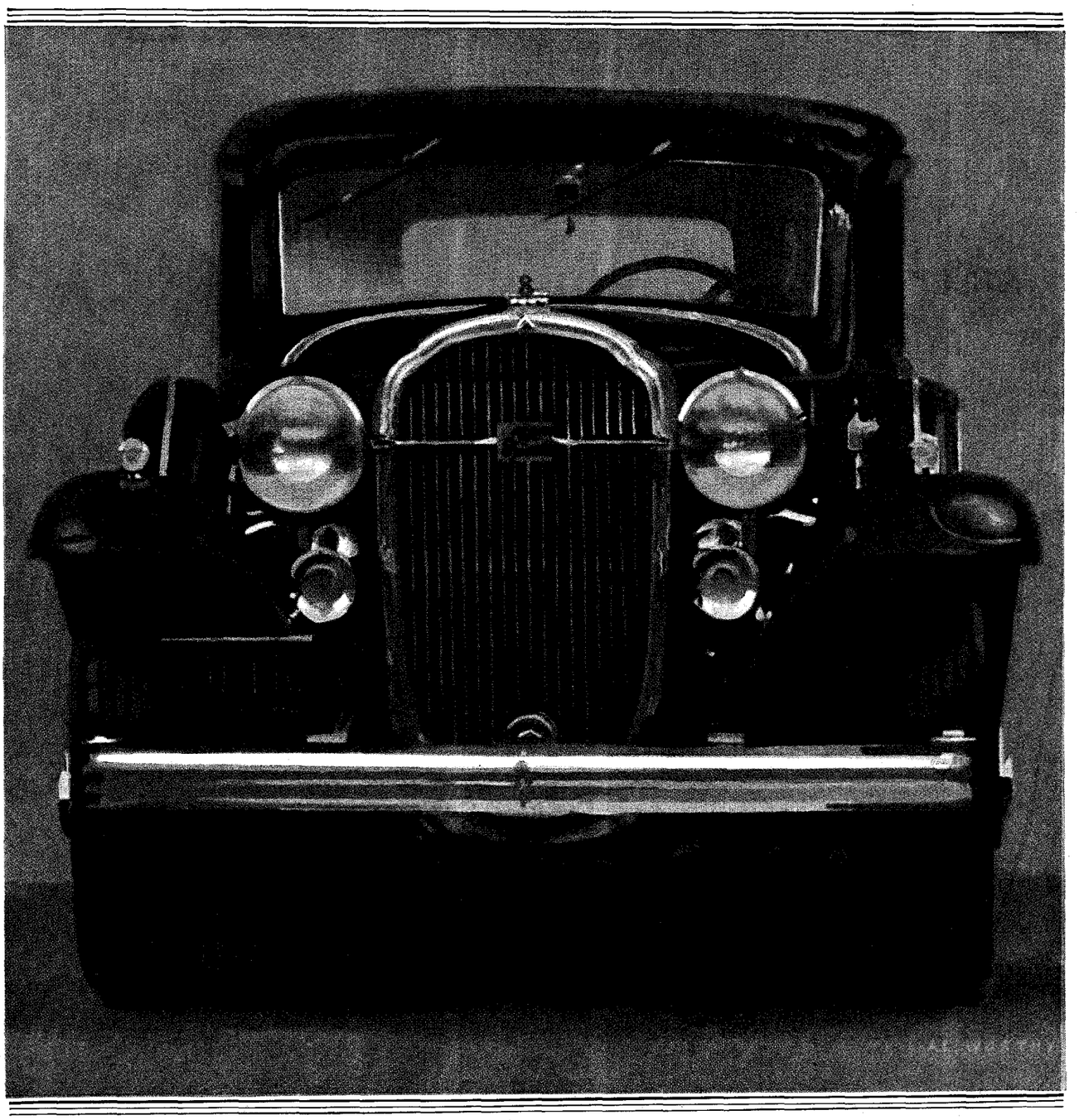
BUICK



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
WITH BODY BY FISHER

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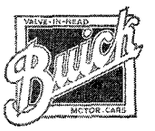
FOR 1932



HERE is the distinguished "face" of the new Buick for 1932. A magnificent new friend—yet basically the same honest, dependable friend you've known for years.

It is a familiar sight on boulevard and highway even now. For Buick engineers and craftsmen have made Buick for 1932 the outstanding Buick of all time. And the motorists of America are according it the most enthusiastic welcome any new Buick ever received.

Do you realize how gratifying this public good-will is to Buick—the interest which men and women have displayed in every new Buick for twenty-eight years—the preference which has caused them to give Buick four-to-one sales leadership over all eights in its price range—the allegiance which inspires eighty-nine per cent of all Buick owners to purchase Buicks again and again?

And do you wonder that Buick works so zealously to be worthy of this good-will and of the time-proved pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

How faithfully this pledge is being fulfilled again this year is apparent to everyone. Motorists will talk for months to come of the many vital advancements which are causing them to pronounce this the finest Buick ever produced:

The newly-styled, newly-beautified Bodies by Fisher—modernized in lines, colors, upholsterings, appointments—the most luxurious Buick bodies ever created.

The Wizard Control, greatest achievement since the self-starter—combining new Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission—imparting wonderful new ease and pleasure to driving.

The new Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (high compression optional without extra cost), introducing an entirely new order of fleet, smooth, virile performance.

The New Ride Regulator—permitting such precise adjustment of shock absorbers that the driver may choose his ride to suit road conditions, number of passengers and car speed.

Most pleasing of all to Buick is the fact that this nationwide good-will and preference is extending to new thousands of families, including those of unlimited means as well as those in modest circumstances. America is agreed that this new Buick, with 26 luxurious models at new low prices, $935 to $2055, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., is the Eight with *Everything*—for *Everybody.*

THE OUTSTANDING BUICK OF ALL TIME

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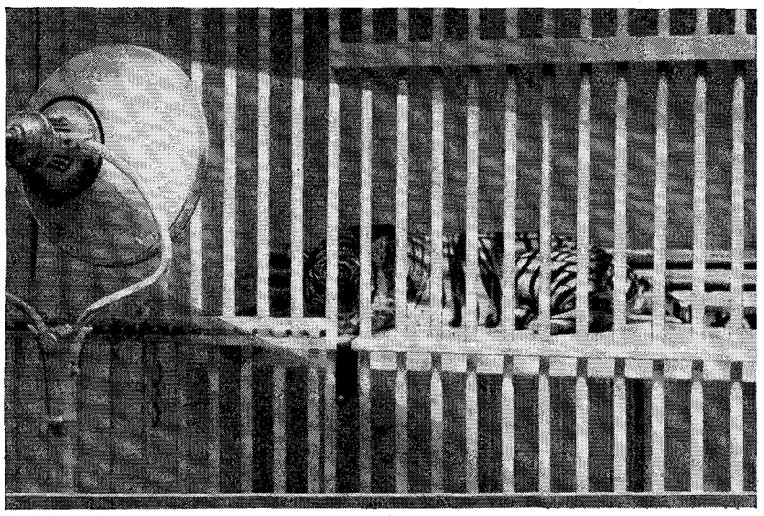
Artificial Sunlight for a Zoo

SINCE IT APPEARS PROBABLE that many captive animals suffer from the lack of ultra-violet light, especially those native to tropic lands, it has been decided to install "sun" lamps in the Highland Park Zoo, at Pittsburgh; according to Councilman Clifford B. Connelly, Chairman of the Committee on Parks.

"The Westinghouse Company has offered to install these ultra-violet ray lamps in the cages where the animals are in the worst condition, and conduct studies without charge to the city," continues Councilman Connelly, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the company. "Previous experiments in zoos by this company have shown that animals will gain in health and vigor after treatment from these new lamps, and we have decided that Pittsburgh should have the benefits of any further experiments in this line." We read further:



Westinghouse photograph

Bengal Tiger Taking His Artificial Sun-Bath

In a San Francisco Zoo. Daily treatments cured his cold in three days.

"Westinghouse Lamp executives intend to install the lamps within a few days, and so bring Africa, or its equivalent in sunshine, back to the lions.

"In the zoos of London, where—in addition to the confinement in cages—the animals do not get natural daylight radiation on account of the high percentage of foggy days, it was found that certain reptiles, particularly the big lizards, would refuse to eat at all. It is reported that when such animals were exposed to ultra-violet radiations, they developed a real appetite, and apparently were on the road to good health and a prime old age. In a zoo in San Francisco, after some ultra-violet lamps were installed, there was very definite evidence of the preservation of the life of a rare leopard, and an improvement in the bones and the appearance of the fur and the general pep of some of the other big cats. Just how much ultra-violet light is necessary is a problem that will probably be solved through studies that will be made in Pittsburgh."

IN order to provide an equivalent of tropical sunshine, the engineers will place in Highland Park, we are told, an installation of ultra-violet sunlight lamps so arranged that animals such as the reptiles, cats, and monkeys will receive special radiations, the equivalent of those that they would get normally outdoors. If this installation is successful, we may expect to find similar ultra-violet lamps not only in other zoos, but to irradiate both wild and domestic animals when housed in buildings. To quote further:

"Unquestionably the first benefit is an improvement in the strength of the bones—the cure of the disease known as rickets, which is common to both men and animals. The cure of this disease is a definitely established fact, because proper amounts of ultra-violet will increase the amount of lime and phosphorus in the blood, which accounts for the growing popularity of the ultra-violet lamps in homes and hospitals.

"A second and perhaps equally important benefit is the probability that ultra-violet light will make up for the lack of certain vitamins that should exist in the foods that are grown under intense sunlight. Of course, a snake or a big lizard in the desert or the jungle seeks to get his ultra-violet by direct exposure to sunshine.

"Every one knows how these animals seek the sun, and how they will lie for hours on a rock or limb, or will prefer to sleep in direct sunlight. In other cases some of the tropical animals may not get so much direct sunshine exposure, but, nevertheless, they feed on smaller animals and on plants that have lived under much sunshine, and thus, through their food, they probably are getting the vitamins and the other beneficial effects equivalent to those that would result from direct skin exposure.

"The human animal is normally more susceptible to ultra-violet. Sunburn is our warning when we are getting too much.

"In the case of certain animals like chickens, rats, and guinea-pigs, it is probable that very much larger amounts of ultra-violet can be safely given, and with no ill effects short of tremendous over-exposures which may develop sore eyes, or the eye-sunburn known as conjunctivitis.

"Probably thick-skinned reptiles and fur-bearing animals should be given much greater quantities of ultra-violet than are considered beneficial to humans.

"In order to investigate more thoroughly some of these problems, the Westinghouse engineers have developed several types of ultra-violet lamps that will be tried out in the Pittsburgh zoos."

Electric Eye in Astronomy

HOW THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR of 1933 will be opened in June of that year by light from the star Arcturus was demonstrated on the platform of the Amateur Astronomers Association, meeting in the American Museum of Natural History, recently, during a talk on "The Electric Eye in Modern Astronomy," by Orestes H. Caldwell, former U. S. Radio Commissioner, and now editor of *Electronics*.

With photo cells of several different types, Mr. Caldwell showed how a faint beam of light from a distant source can be used to switch on the lights of the exposition.

In the actual experiment, as planned at Chicago, the light from Arcturus will be gathered by the forty-inch telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, focused on a photo cell, and the output of this, amplified, will be transmitted to Chicago to open the exposition, says *The Amateur Astronomer* (New York):

"Sentimental interest among old Chicagoans will be attached to the experiment by the fact that since Arcturus is about forty-one light-years away, the light-energy which will set the wheels of the 1933 Fair in motion, actually left Arcturus about the time of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

"Through the cooperation of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the Jenkins Television Company, a successful attempt was also made to transmit an artificial 'eclipse' by television, so it could be observed by members of the audience in the Museum auditorium.

"Suggestion to attempt this came from a comment by Elihu Thomson, speaking at the Faraday Celebration in London recently, and cabled to this country, that the next eclipse of the sun in America would undoubtedly be broadcast by television, so that it would be visible to many millions, instead of only to the limited population in the narrow path of totality.

"In the case of the eclipse television demonstration at the museum, an 'artificial eclipse' was set up in the studio of the Columbia television station, which was viewed by the television scanner exactly as if it were a real eclipse, and the image of the waning sun broadcast over the entire eastern half of the United States. A Jenkins television receiver was set up in the auditorium, to enable members of the audience to see the 'eclipse' which was also visible to other owners of television receivers throughout the East.

"Mr. Caldwell exhibited different forms of electric eyes, and told of their use in eclipse measurements, spectroscopy, heat measurements, telescope guiding, etc."

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"The Digest's" All-America Team of Teams

Pinckert

THERE'S THAT PIE we were talking about a few weeks ago, when we put it into the oven to bake for our readers.

This is no pie with four-and-twenty blackbirds in it.

These birds were "well done" on various gridirons.

Then they were ladled deftly into the big All-America pie—eleven leading All-America football teams broiled down and synthesized to make THE DIGEST'S third annual All-America consensus, that super-eleven of super-elevens, that winds up the All-team season, and (we should like to think) ends all the arguments that spring up as a result of the yearly flood of all-star elevens chosen by this, that, or the other expert.

When this pie is opened, we anticipate no such singing as attended the opening of the blackbird pie in Mother Goose. Instead, in all likelihood, there will be a flood of indignant letters, from fans who demand to know why Joe Whoozis and Bill Whatsisname didn't make THE DIGEST'S team.

Dalrymple

And we shall reply, as always, that it's just too bad, but we can't help it, because Joe's and Bill's names didn't happen to be on the cards.

But this is a long enough speech before the curtain. Without more ado, and with the grandest flourish we can manage and you can imagine, we present our third annual All-America consensus:

Ends—Dalyrmple of Tulane and your choice of either Cronkite of Kansas State or Smith of Georgia.

Tackles—Kurth of Notre Dame and Quatse of Pittsburgh.

Guards—Munn of Minnesota and Baker of Southern California.

Center—Yarr of Notre Dame.

Quarter-back—Wood of Harvard.

Half-backs—Schwartz of Notre Dame and Pinckert of Southern California.

Full-back—Rentner of Northwestern.

How did we choose this team? We took eleven leading All-America selections and made of their members the accompanying table, listing them vertically by teams and horizontally by positions. Then, working across the page, we tabulated the votes for the posts on our super-eleven, awarding each place to the man chosen for it most frequently by the individual selectors. To this rule there were two minor exceptions.

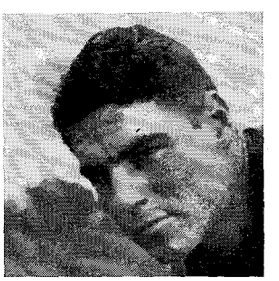
If you have been reading carefully, and especially if you have studied the chart, you will have noticed that we give you your choice of two men for one of the end positions. We are broad-minded. We believe in letting our readers think for themselves. Dalrymple of Tulane was chosen by every selector who figures in our consensus. But there was no such unanimity in regard to the other place. Cronkite and Smith tied with four votes each.

What to do?

Well, far be it from us to try to settle the question. We give you your choice of two of the season's greatest stars, either one of whom would decorate anybody's All-America team. If you're a Cronkite fan, Cronkite is on; if you're a Smith fan, it's Smith.

If only all arguments were as easy to sidestep as that one is!

Now there's another little matter to explain. Look clear down to the bottom of the chart, to the half-back and full-back posts. Marchy Schwartz lands with both feet on one of the half-back jobs. Every selector names him. And Rentner, Northwestern's shining light, comes second with six votes. So far so good. But now go on to the full-backs. Rentner leads here, too, with five votes. He is



Schwartz

Want the News in Tabulated Form? Run Through This and See How Our Team of Teams was Named

Read down the columns for the make-up of the various All-America teams that went into our football pie. Then read across the page counting the votes for the various positions on the super-eleven of super-elevens that emerges grandly in the last column. The gridiron gladiators who lead the voting are the ones who make THE DIGEST'S team.

TEAMS	*Rice—Collier's*	*New York Sun*	*New York Evening Post*	*Perry—Consolidated Press*	*New York World-Telegram*	*Associated Press*	*Hearst—Consensus*	*All-America Board—Walsh Syndicate*	*Newspaper Enterprise Association*	*College Humor*	*Davis*	**"Digest" Eleven of Elevens**
ENDS	Smith, Georgia; Dalrymple, Tulane.	Cronkite, Kansas State; Dalrymple.	Orsi, Colgate; Dalrymple.	Smith; Dalrymple.	Cronkite; Dalrymple.	Smith; Dalrymple.	Orsi; Dalrymple.	Orsi; Dalrymple.	Cronkite; Dalrymple.	Cronkite; Dalrymple.	Smith; Dalrymple	**Dalrymple; and your choice of Cronkite or Smith.**
TACKLES	Quatse, Pittsburgh; Schwegler, Washington.	Hardy, Harvard; Kurth, Notre Dame.	Marvil, Northwestern; Kurth.	Hardy; Kurth.	Quatse; Kurth.	Marvil; Schwegler.	Marvil; Price, Army.	Quatse; Riley, Northwestern.	Riley; Kurth.	Quatse; Hardy.	Rhea, Nebraska; Schwegler.	**Quatse; Kurth.**
GUARDS	Munn, Minnesota; Hickman, Tennessee.	Munn; Baker, Southern California.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Hoffman, Notre Dame.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Baker.	Munn; Hickman, Tennessee.	Munn; Baker.	**Munn; Baker.**
CENTER	Morrison, Michigan.	Daugherty, Pittsburgh.	Daugherty.	Daugherty.	Yarr, Notre Dame.	Yarr.	Yarr.	Yarr	Morrison.	Miller, Purdue.	Yarr.	**Yarr.**
QUARTER-BACK	Wood, Harvard.	Morton, Dartmouth.	Morton.	Shaver, Southern California.	Shaver.	Wood.	Wood.	Shaver.	Wood.	Morton.	Wood.	**Wood.**
HALF-BACKS	Schwartz, Notre Dame; Rentner, Northwestern.	Schwartz; Pinckert, Southern California.	Schwartz; Zimmerman, Tulane.	Schwartz; Rentner.	Schwartz; Pinckert.	Schwartz; Pinckert.	Schwartz; Zimmerman.	Schwartz; Rentner.	Schwartz; Rentner	Schwartz; Rentner.	Schwartz; Rentner.	**Schwartz; Pinckert.**
FULL-BACK	Shaver, Southern California.	Rentner.	Rentner.	Gill, California.	Rentner.	Rentner.	Rentner.	Cain, Alabama.	Pinckert.	Pinckert.	Booth, Yale.	**Rentner.**

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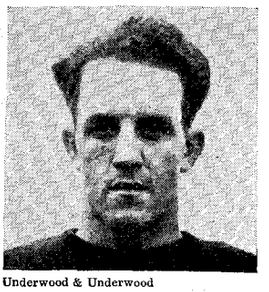
International

Yarr



Underwood & Underwood

Kurth

Baker

Rentner

The Golden Shores of California and the Midwest's Prairies Gave These Four to Our Team

a great football-player, as few, if any, fans will deny, but it's too much to expect him to do double duty.

Looking over the field with an appraising eye we note that Pinckert comes just after Rentner in both the half-back and full-back votes. So here we become arbitrary. We put Pinckert down as the second half-back and award to Rentner the full-back berth, which he has surely earned.

The Middle West has more men on the team than any other section: six, taking into consideration the latitude of choice in the matter of ends. West, East, and South have two each. Nine colleges and universities are represented, of which only two have more than one man on the team. Notre Dame has three and Southern California two. Three men on this team figured on our last year's All-America consensus—Dalrymple, Schwartz, and Pinckert.

It's a good team, and don't let any one tell you differently. Didn't hundreds and hundreds of the greatest writers, coaches, officials, and assorted sages aid us in choosing it? As a matter of strict fact, we don't know precisely how many were involved in the process. But certainly there were enough to populate a nice little village. Here, then, are the selectors of the eleven teams:

Wood

Grantland Rice, who chooses his eleven for *Collier's*, operates with the aid of an advisory committee covering the entire country.

The New York *Sun's* team is the result of the investigations of a widely scattered corps of observers. It is presented by George Trevor.

Lawrence Perry's team, syndicated by Consolidated Press Association, is a personal selection, based on the writer's own observations, and "the opinions of men whose judgment he has long trusted and for whose technical opinions he has high respect."

Parke Davis, the football statistician of Easton, Pennsylvania, whose team was sent out by the Associated Press, based his selections, according to that news service, "on information sent to him by coaches and officials, and from the records of teams which he collects during the year."

The New York *Evening Post* team is a consensus of the opinions of eleven sports writers of the paper's staff.

The Hearst consensus, according to Ford C. Frick, who presents it in the New York *Evening Journal*, "represents the combined judgment of nearly two hundred coaches, sports editors, and football writers throughout the United States."

The All-America Board of Football, whose team is sponsored by the Christy Walsh Syndicate, is composed of Glenn S. Warner of Stanford, T. A. D. Jones of Yale, W. A. Alexander of Georgia Tech, Jesse C. Harper of Notre Dame, and Mr. Walsh.

College Humor's team, presented by Les Gage, the sports editor of the magazine, was "chosen with the assistance of an advisory board, comprising eight of the country's foremost football critics:

"Chet Smith of Pittsburgh, George Carens of Boston, Dick Hyland of San Francisco, Leo Fischer of Chicago, Clyde McBride of Kansas City, Zipp Newman of Birmingham, Lloyd Gregory of Houston, and C. L. Parsons of Denver.

"The advices of these sports writers were supplemented with opinions of many famous officials and teachers of the game."

The Newspaper Enterprise Association's team is presented by Larry MacPhail, a well-known football official. He is chairman of a board of thirty-three.

The Associated Press team, likewise, results from a nation-wide poll of experts.

The New York *World-Telegram* team is presented by Charles E. Parker, whose "first-hand observation has been augmented by the reports of more than two hundred expert agents, as well as by careful perusal of newspaper reports of games throughout the country."

The All-team business is no sinecure. Let an expert sit up all night for a week, studying charts, graphs, personal notes, and the reports of his secret agents, and gazing into a crystal in his odd moments. Let him, as a result, name Yarr of Notre Dame, say, for center, and then turn in for a well-earned rest.

The morning mail will be full of indignant letters from Daugherty fans, demanding to know why their favorite wasn't his choice. Life is like that.

So it is well for the expert not to be too owlishly solemn about the ultimate rightness of his selections.

As Joe Williams suggests in the New York *World-Telegram:*

Until some genius hits upon a magic formula by which eleven individuals may be singled out from a group of 300 or 400 stars of almost equal ranking, it is going to be hard to accept anybody's All-team as being truly representative of the country's greatest.

This is just one of the trivial drawbacks the courageous expert faces when he strips himself of all caution and plunges into clairvoyancy. There are no fewer than 5,467 others.

Acme

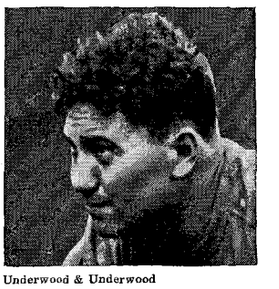
Cronkite

Acme

Smith

Wide World

Munn



Underwood & Underwood

Quatse

Another Quartet of Reasons Why 1931 Fans Were Kept on the Edges of Their Seats

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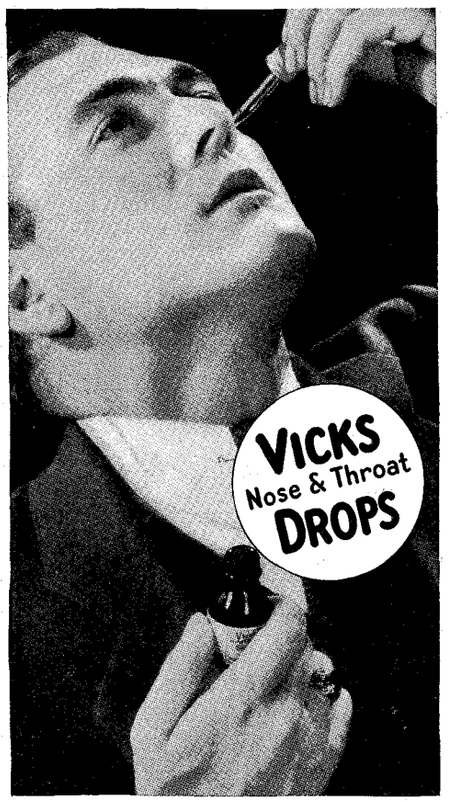
MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB ANNOUNCE

A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by the Development of a New Product Based on a New Idea for *Prevention* of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLDS-TAX"

A quarter of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vick chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds —and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products—they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. *Before* a Cold Starts

Watch yourself and your children when exposed to anything that you know is apt to bring on a cold, such as—

Contact with others having fresh colds—crowds, stuffy ill-ventilated rooms, public places—a night on a Pullman or a dusty automobile ride—sudden changes in temperature — inhaling smoke, dust, gases — excesses in living, such as over-eating, smoking or drinking, which reduce body resistance—after a hard day when you are over-tired.

Then—if you feel that stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, Nature's usual signal that a cold is coming on — use Vicks Nose Drops at once—just a few drops up each nostril. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2. *After* a Cold Starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long.

If the air-passages are badly clogged with mucus, melt some VapoRub in a bowl of hot water and inhale the steaming vapors for several minutes. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vick Cough Drop—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops every few hours as needed. This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets digestion—especially of children.

TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson PRESIDENT

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The Revolt Against Bridge Systems and Ballyhoo

IF LENZ AND JACOBY had used the Culbertson system, and the Culbertsons had used the Lenz system—what then?

Why, then, the score would be about the same, declared a growing number of observers who had decided to view the Lenz-Culbertson "Battle of the Century" with their tongues in their cheeks.

These cynics pointed with derision to the fact that each of the principals in the picturesquely exploited tournament of a thousand or more hands—150 rubbers—had been accusing the other of violating the rules of his own system.

All over the country arose a chorus of editorial criticism, most of it clearly written by editors who play contract.

"When Bridge Becomes a Racket" was the title under which the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* discust the phenomenon, and the phrase is typical of a whole lot of comment.

But, then, on the other hand, there was the great, inarticulate army of bridge fans, presumably following the hostilities with wild eyes and bated breath. Twenty millions of 'em, according to Mr. Culbertson. "Some of them must be terrible," said Mr. Lenz.

How were the fans faring? An Associated Press dispatch which we quote from the New York *Herald Tribune* tells us, under an Oakland (Cal.) dateline:

"Now, no more of yer Psychic Bids"
—"Judge."

An Echo of the Great Bridge War

That important American issue—approach-forcing vs. the 1-2-3 "official" bidding system—bobbed up in court here to-day as grounds for a divorce action.

Mrs. Ethel Harrington Rescorla, of Berkeley, told the judge her husband was cruel.

"Why, he even demanded that I change the bridge system I used to one he preferred," she said.

The court retorted that "opposing bridge systems are not grounds for divorce."

"Well," she countered, "he deserted me after I refused to change systems."

MEANWHILE in New York, where the "Battle of the Century" was raging, an atmosphere of hard-boiled skepticism seemed to be gaining ground.

Certain sports writers hinted that the match was "in the bag" for a no-decision finish, that it might be expected to break up in a deadlock, with both sides claiming superiority and making a grand rush to sell their respective books to a multitude of confiding bridge fans. On the other hand, the contestants and their supporters and publicity people vowed that it was strictly "on the level." A flash of lightning came with this incident reported by *The Times:*

While the bridge rivals were shuffling decks of cards, reading up on their systems, and otherwise going through the "warming-up" motions preparatory to the resumption of play, F. Dudley Courtenay, president of Bridge Headquarters, Inc., ridiculed the contention that the match actually was a test of the relative merits of the "official" and the approach-forcing systems.

"The whole thing," added Mr. Courtenay, "is a publicity stunt organized by the successor of Barnum."

He absolved Mr. Lenz of all blame, however, and asserted he had been forced into the match by Mr. Culbertson's "outrageous challenge, offering 5 to 1 odds." The only fair test of the systems, he concluded, would be to deal the cards face up and then permit a committee of experts to bid them, first by one system and then by the other, thereby determining which was better.

BRIDGE overemphasis now rivals football overemphasis as an object of protest and revolt. There is a growing number of bridgers who advocate fewer rather than more rules, declares the Washington *Post.* "They want to see contract played 'naturally,' developing the strength of each hand by bids that the cards held actually justify.

"A contest between the champions of a rule-and-count system, and advocates of bidding without artificial informative aids would be interesting," concludes this apostle of the simple life at the bridge table.

The current battle of the bridge-whist giants is apt to have unexpected consequences, warns the Chicago *Tribune,* continuing:

Designed to prove the superiority of one type of bidding over another, the first sessions have served chiefly to uncover the human weaknesses of the well-advertised experts who are taking part in the competition.

The gentle falling out which led to the open and much publicized contest now seems to threaten all of the experts with the unhappy fate of Humpty Dumpty.

All the king's horses and all the king's men failed to restore that splendid character to the eminence he enjoyed before his historic fall, and it is doubtful now whether all of the explanations and alibis, most of which are reminiscent of a million lesser bridge tables, ever will restore the experts to the prestige they enjoyed before the contest.

The excellent game of contract bridge has been made unnecessarily confusing and complicated by instructors who have surrounded it with mystery and mathematics. The systems, always at the time of discovery pronounced absolute and final, have been changed repeatedly, and with each change a new set of $2 books is sold.

Now it comes out that the systems are not infallible, and that Lenz is just as apt to bid two tricks too few as Culbertson is apt to bid two tricks too many.

An army of novices is beginning to suspect the experts have feet of clay, and if Humpty Dumpty ever gets back on the wall he will find his work cut out for him.

Maybe he will have to get a book on bridge.

WHAT, then, is the high excitement of this match? demands *The Virginian-Pilot,* under the title we have already quoted, and this Norfolk journal argues:

No system can be overthrown in a single match, and the heralded enmity between Culbertson and Lenz is of no great importance—except for ballyhoo purposes.

There, one suspects, is the key to the present spectacle.

For Culbertson is the greatest exploiter of contract that the world has ever seen, and Lenz in his own way is not far behind.

Culbertson sells lessons, lectures, books, syndicated articles, tables, lamps, pencils, cards, and edits a bridge magazine. He is credited with making vast sums out of the game. He is to contract what John D. Rockefeller was to oil.

Watching this curious scene, one must conclude that his genius at exploitation accounts for most of it. His genius, and the American fondness for overemphasis.

Hence the present spectacle—months of advance publicity, the stressing of the grudge element, the terms of the match drawn up by batteries of lawyers and signed with ceremony, special arrangements for the press, a big radio hook-up, a preliminary

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banquet, the movie cameras and the stills, columns in the newspapers, telegraph instruments ticking in the next room, and play-by-play accounts by experts and by the contestants themselves.

Our readers hardly need to be reminded that the opening banquet was followed by festive microphone oratory, whereby the atmosphere of champagne and orchids was thoughtfully projected to radio fans as accurately as words could do it. Mrs. Culbertson's charms received homage from all the speakers. Then the pasteboard hostilities began, and it was on that first jovial night that most of the "boners" were made by the four famous players, to wit:

Ely Culbertson (the challenger), the lone wolf of the bridge war, whose personality was depicted in this department of The Digest on October 17.

Sidney Lenz (the challenged), veteran bridge expert and author of books on the subject, also an amateur magician who can change a ten-spot into an ace, with or without the wave of a hand.

Mrs. Ely Culbertson (her husband's partner), a leading player and teacher of contract.

Oswald Jacoby (Mr. Lenz's partner), one of the prize-winning "Four Horsemen" of bridge.

How the Lenz-Jacoby team flourished during the first few sessions, how they accumulated a lead of between five and six thousand points, how the Culbertsons, with improved cards, wiped out that lead and gained a margin which was greatly to exceed the Lenz one, how Mrs. Culbertson retired for a spell before Christmas, to play the mother to her little brood, how her place was taken by Theodore Lightner, with a one-night interim by Waldemar von Zedtwitz; how the battle-ground was shifted from one hotel to another—all this, and the fluctuations which followed, are now part of the flamboyant side of bridge history.

Despite all the criticisms of the quality of the bridge played by these experts, Walter Malowan writes in *The Times:*

Analysis of the 372 hands to date shows that real blunders have been few and far between.

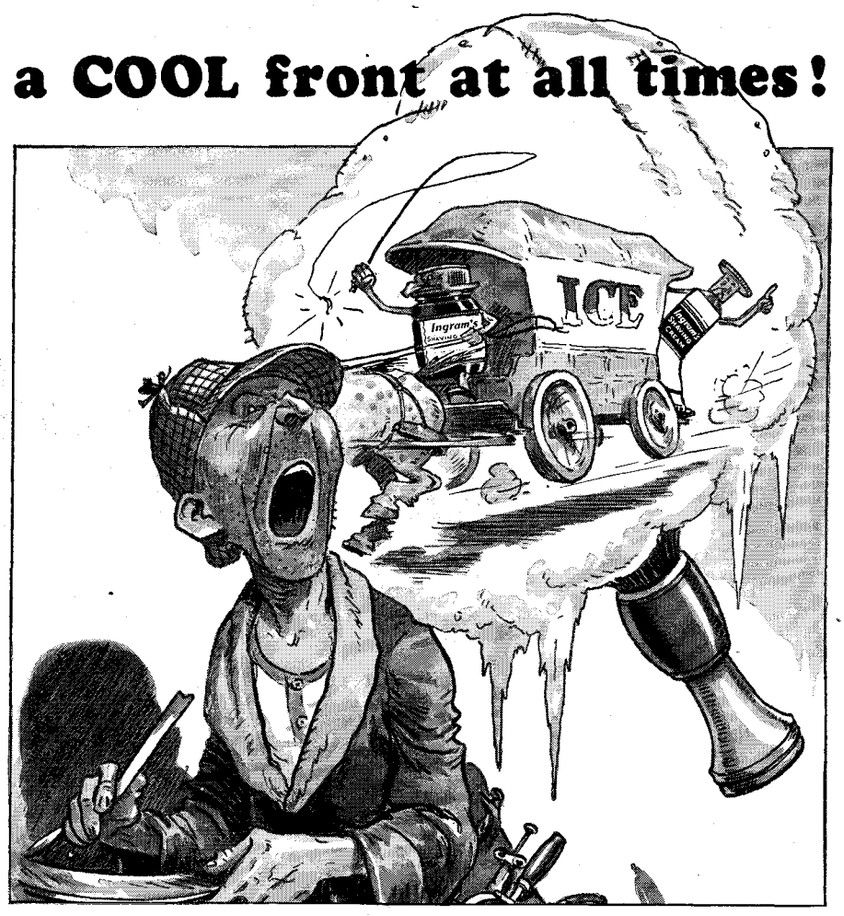
It is only natural that these hands should have been widely published, for who does not enjoy seeing an expert trip up? But, as a matter of fact, except for the first night, when all the contestants were obviously victims of stage fright, and last Thursday, when Mr. Lenz and Mr. Jacoby failed to team together smoothly, the match had produced excellent bridge.

The average of not quite six hands to the rubber which has been maintained through the match, bears out this judgment, as the usual average is seven hands to a rubber.

The most costly error of the match was made by Mr. Lenz and Mr. Jacoby when they bid seven hearts and were doubled and set one trick. As they could have made seven spades, which would undoubtedly have been doubled and redoubled, and would in addition have won a rubber which they actually lost, the loss on this one hand can be counted as 4,080 points.

Quick, Watson— The INGRAM'S!

a COOL front at all times!



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Gang Law Beats State Law in the Diamond Case

A BIG MAROON AUTOMOBILE slid along Dove Street, the hum of its motor barely breaking the early morning silence.

It was nearly 5 o'clock, and Dove Street, like the rest of Albany, still slept.

The automobile stopt in front of the rooming-house at Number 67. Two silent figures darted out of the car in the dim light. They ran up the steps and disappeared through the front door.

Mrs. Laura Woods, proprietress of the house, heard their footsteps on the stairs, but she thought nothing of it. During the several days the tall, thin, haggard man who called himself "John Kelly" had been occupying quarters on the second floor she had grown used to arrivals and departures at all hours.

JUST a little while ago she had heard "Kelly" himself come in, and go to his room. She had heard him drop his shoes as he removed them, and then had heard the bed springs creak under his weight. These new arrivals, she supposed, would be some more of "Kelly's" party.

But then she was terrified to hear shots, three of them, ring out in "Kelly's" room. She sat up with a start. She heard more footsteps on the stairs, downward bound this time. Then she heard some talk.

"I've been waiting a long time for this," some one said, according to a report in the New York *Sun*. "I'm going back and make sure I got him."

"Come on. He's done for this time."

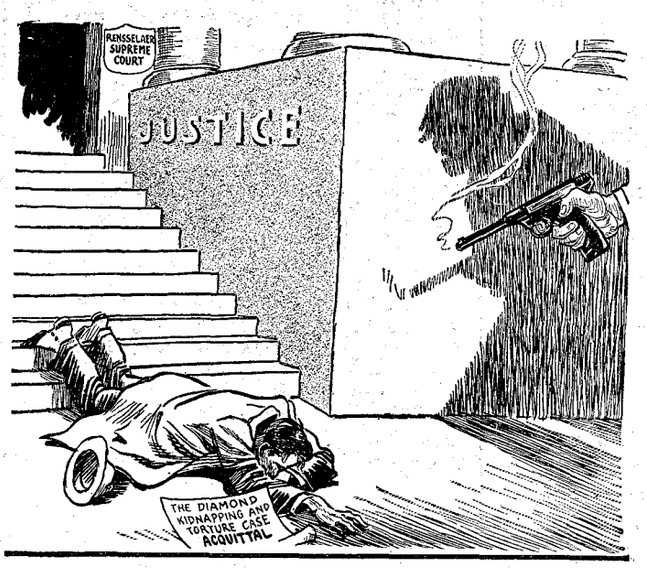
"No; I'm going back and make sure."

Mrs. Woods, *The Sun* continues, "was so frightened that she got away from the hall door and into bed again. She couldn't tell whether one or both of the men went back up-stairs, but a minute or two later she heard them running through the hall, and then she heard an automobile start up from the curb."

On the second floor, emaciated, haggard "John Kelly" lay sprawled across the bed, clothed only in his silk underwear, with three soft-nosed bullets in his head. Gangland vengeance had at last overtaken "Legs" Diamond, the reality behind the fiction of "John Kelly," after all the unsuccessful attempts, and after one more abortive effort of duly constituted law to put him behind bars. He who had been called the "king cobra of crime" by some, but more justly "the clay pigeon of the underworld," because of numerous attempts to murder him, had died like a rat in a trap.

Diamond's death, early one morning, in an Albany rooming-house, came at a time that made it peculiarly ironic. The night before he had been acquitted by a jury in Troy of kidnaping charges. It was, perhaps, the crowning moment of a police record that showed, according to *The Sun*, twenty-three arrests and twenty-one discharges.

HE had spent the night in a drunken carouse in an Albany night club and in a tryst with his mistress, a former Follies girl. And then, in the early morning hours, he went back to his Dove Street quarters to be shot while he slept off intoxication.



Wotta Ya Mean, Acquitted?

—Doyle in the Philadelphia "Record."

There has been little if any grieving for the passing of this small-time gangster who tried to be a big shot, who couldn't put it across in New York, and had retired to the beer-running racket in the Catskills.

Most comment takes the form of lamentation that the law of gangland is swifter and surer than the law of the State; and there have been many expressions of hope that this hole-and-corner assassination will prove an effective challenge to the forces of law and order.

To the New York *World-Telegram* it seems that here we have a case history worth thorough study. Says this paper:

Charged again and again with burglary, grand larceny, assault, kidnaping, homicide, the sole legal penalty that hung over Jack "Legs" Diamond, when lawlessness put an end to his lawlessness, was a four-year sentence and fine for violation of Federal Prohibition law!

We believe a special study should be made of this.

We believe competent crime commissions or law-reform bodies could do nothing better than exhaustively analyze the amazing record of discharges, dismissals, and acquittals by which this notorious criminal and racketeer escaped legal punishment.

How much of it was luck? How much weak evidence? How often did mere procedural technicalities save him? How many alibis were involved? How much suspicion of perjury? To what extent did judicial leniency or incompetence figure? Through what loopholes in the law itself did he slip?

Careful, expert answers to these questions should prove a valuable contribution to our grapple with the problem: What ails the administration of criminal justice in the United States?

Would Diamond's seventeen-year criminal career have been possible in England, and if not, why?

Here we have no theory, no hypothetical case to work on. The career is actual, concrete, at the same time typical. The records should all be available.

Get them together and study them. They ought to teach us something.

THE career that evokes this comment is sketched briefly for us in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, which reminds us that Diamond was thirty-two years old and had spent more than half of his life "in active combat with the law." Reading on:

In Philadelphia, where he was born, his talent for dancing had won him the sobriquet of "Legs," and he spent his nights mostly in dance-halls and his days in idleness, never sticking long to a job on the few occasions when he undertook one.

His initiation into crime is said to have been with his brother Eddie in the "wagon-bouncing racket," pilfering packages from delivery trucks. He was fifteen years old when, in 1914, he was convicted of burglary and spent some time in a reformatory.

From then on his crime category widened and the record of his conflicts with authority lengthened. He figured as suspected robber, murderer, labor terrorizer, narcotics smuggler, and "mobster" in the liquor traffic.

He did land in prison when, in 1919, he was sentenced for Army desertion and stealing in the service. He was paroled after serving one year of a five-year term in Fort Leavenworth.

It was as a body-guard for Arnold Rothstein that he at length attained an upper rating in gangdom, after an apprenticeship in petty racketeering with an up-town mob. Rothstein took him up about 1926, and he was involved soon afterward in a war

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between East Side and West Side "gorillas" over the spoils of gambling and narcotic enterprises in which Rothstein was enlisted.

He was indicted the following year on a narcotic-smuggling charge, which never came to trial.

When Rothstein was murdered, Diamond underwent another police grilling, for "Legs" had by that time transferred his allegiance to Jake Orgen, known as "Little Augie," who was employing certain persuasive methods with strikebreakers when Diamond signed with him. But Diamond convinced the police he had nothing to do with the gambler's murder. He confessed, in fact, that he knew Rothstein "only slightly."

AGAIN when "Little Augie" was "erased" by his rivals, "Diamond was caught in the glare of the dubious underworld limelight." It came about thus:

He was talking with Orgen when the latter's gangster enemies shot him, and it was then that he stopt the first of the gangland bullets that rained on him with such frequency afterward. He spent a month in the hospital, was arrested, but liberated when he got out.

The Hotsy Totsy Club murders occurred in July, 1929, after Legs had moved upstate. Bill Cassidy and Simon Walker were shot down in the club, which was said to have been operated on Diamond's money. Walker, before he died, accused Diamond and Entratta of the shooting.

The police could find neither of them for months, but Entratta finally was captured in Chicago, and tried in New York in March, 1930. But every witness to the crime had been disposed of in various ways. Most of them had been taken for "rides." One charred body was found in the New Jersey Meadows, and another was hauled out of the Hudson. Entratta was acquitted. There was no one left to identify "Legs," who then surrendered, and was freed.

It was about this time that a rising young gang leader known as "Dutch" Schultz began to find Diamond, once his friend, a troublesome obstacle in his various enterprises. He drove Diamond from the field.

There was nothing left for "Legs" but to muscle in on the upstate beer racket.

One night in August, 1930, Harry Western, who had a roadhouse near Kingston, told his wife he was going "up in the hills." She understood "Legs" had summoned him to the Diamond fortress. Western never was seen again. He was reputed agent for a Kingston brewery operating in defiance of Diamond.

The disappearance of Western brought a search for Diamond, and it was revealed he had sailed for Europe.

This was the notorious tour during which Diamond was refused entry by France, England, and Belgium, and deported by Germany in this humiliating fashion:

The German authorities shipped him home on a tramp freighter. He was arrested when he arrived at Philadelphia, but soon was released.

In the fall of 1930, Diamond got his second dose of lead. This was in the Monticello Hotel in New York City, where he was passing a week-end with Marion Roberts, show-girl. A telephone call on Sunday morning informed Diamond some "friends" from Jersey were on the way to see him. Soon afterward three men arrived in a sedan and went up to Diamond's apartment u nnounced.

Legs left Marion's room to greet them in his own. A moment later, Marion, in her bath, heard a fusillade of shots. Diamond spent weeks in a New York hospital recovering from his wounds, but never would admit he knew who shot him.

Resentment of the disturbing state of affairs brought about by the beer racket rivalry was growing in Greene County, and it was climaxed, last April, when Grover Parks's tale of a night assault got abroad. Parks and James Duncan told the story to the grand jury, accusing Diamond and his aides of having seized them and their truckload of cider early in the morning of April 16. Parks told of having been tortured by fire to force him to reveal the location of a still.

Diamond was indicted, and was free in bail of $25,000 when he got his third shower of lead. He was sprayed with buckshot as he was quitting the Aratoga Inn the night of April 25.

Diamond's acquittal of the assault of Parks in an extraordinary session of Supreme Court at Troy, last July, and his second acquittal in the same court-room, of the kidnaping of Duncan, were still fresh in the public mind when gangland took his fate into its own hands.

AND then the final "erasure" of the gangster, if we may fall into gangland's argot. This was a "sudden, but not particularly shocking, incident," in *The Sun's* opinion, and it "makes it almost seem as if Lawlessness, weary of watching Law's leaden steps, had intervened." Reading on:

No American criminal, except perhaps Capone, had done so much as Diamond to make a mockery of justice.

His offenses, his evasions of the penalties for them, are a long and discouraging chapter in the bold criminal history that has been written here since the war.

Even more disheartening was the admiration for the fellow which the pitiably large moron population exhibited when he was in hospital or court.

Diamond lacked the qualities which occasionally exalt the outlaw and palliate his villainies. In the underworld he never rose higher than hired gunman for some crook more positively criminal than himself. Yet for years this mean-spirited creature managed to avoid prison. His conviction in the Federal Court was on appeal.

Ten hours before his death he had been acquitted in a State court, for the second time, of brutal crimes which reflected his real character. "A wonderful tribute," he said of the verdict, perhaps in irony. So he went out to celebrate his freedom, returning to meet some individual who, dissenting, executed a sentence privately pronounced.

This time there is nothing that Diamond's lawyers can do about it.

Hard to Keep Up With Some Joneses.—Bob Hicks wants me to believe the story about the man who entered the country post-office and asked, "Have you a parcel for Mr. Jones?"

"I have," replied the postmaster, "but how do I know you're him?"

The man produced a photograph of himself. "Have a look at that," he said, "It's me, isn't it?"

"So it is," exclaimed the postmaster and handed over the parcel without another word.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Many people breathe Vapex to help prevent colds

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Every Night, Except Saturday and Sunday
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WBAL	—Baltimore	6:45 E.S. Time
KDKA	—Pittsburgh	6:45 E.S. Time
WHAM	—Rochester (Ex. Thurs.)	6:45 E.S. Time
WLW	—Cincinnati	6:45 E.S. Time
WMAQ	—Chicago	5:45 C.S. Time

Let Us Sigh for the Silenced Yell

SOUND the dirge for boomalatcha, spickity-ree, singum—sess, and kali-kawhick-kawhack-kazam.

For Westbrook Pegler assures us, in the Chicago *Tribune*, citing such examples as we have listed above, "The more goofy forms of the college cheer have been losing their popularity among the undergraduates in recent years." Mr. Pegler then lists the already mentioned cheers, and adds apologetically, "I may be suspected of inventing these idiotics to fatten a story, but I assure you that they may be found in a text-book on cheering and cheer-leading in the New York Public Library.

"In fact, reference will be found there to a university course in cheer-leading established at Purdue in 1924, a course for which thirty students enrolled in its opening year.

"Mob psychology and tumbling were among the subjects offered, and the intent frankly was to equip the student to rouse and sway masses of people." Reading on:

Of course, there are exceptional cases, in which the students attending an institution in 1931 still stand committed to toesins of the hickory-dickory-dock and eeny-meeny-miny-mo school of poetry, merely because generations before them established such words, or sounds, as sacred traditions.

The students of Georgia Tech may be heard to yell, without a blush or other show of self-consciousness a nursery prattle which goes in part:

> "Ala veevo, ala vivo
> Ala veevo, vivo, vum
> Boom, get a rat trap
> Bigger than a cat trap."

Students of the University of Illinois, for similar reasons, bray a bit of jabberwockian nonsense which goes, "Osky-wow-wow, skinny-wow-wow."

It would be difficult, indeed, to explain to, say, a Frenchman or an Englishman precisely what is meant by this. The state of mind which produces such demonstrations, like the state of love, is to be appreciated only by those who have suffered.

Yet words are only sounds, after all, and if the word "thither," to select one at random, were not a legitimate English word with a philological pedigree but a mere sound, hit upon by a college student to adorn a varsity yell, it might seem as silly as boomalatcha.

The thought is bound to occur that mature young people who can inflame themselves to deliberate frenzies of enthusiasm by the mere repetition of sounds which they know to be silly are likely to be suckers for slogans, band music and other propaganda.

But I have watched them closely at these frenzies, and I notice a tongue-in-cheek demeanor. The Harvards will yell their Rahs and the Dartmouth boys their legitimate Indian yell of Wah-Whoo-Wha—legitimate because Dartmouth began as an Indian school—at the football games and their social ruckuses before and after.

But they do not respond to the exhortations of the cheer-leaders at football pep meetings. In fact, the pep meeting has been adandoned at Harvard as too juvenile for the Harvard intelligence, and a former Dartmouth football player, returning to school on the eve of the team's departure for a big game two years ago, came away resentful because the student body had declined to whoop and howl at the word of command as of old.

THE slogan and the campaign rime are no longer heard in national politics, Mr. Pegler reminds us, and "even the political trade-mark and amulet, such as the Teddy Bear, the Billy Possum and the Hound Dog have lost their charm, as Mr. Coolidge learned when his managers attempted to popularize the New England sap bucket in 1924. The term 'sap' had acquired a popular significance quite unknown to Mr. Coolidge." Further:

The Civil War soldiers seem to have been enthusiastic camp-fire singers and war-cry shouters, as indicated by "Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song," but the armies in the Great War were more restrained or sophisticated.

A young English lieutenant, leading his men out of the line after a hard time, was much embarrassed when he encountered on the road one of those professional Pollyannas, a morale officer, who demanded, "Lieutenant, why don't your men sing?"

"Sing, men," the young officer ordered, wearily, and the muddy survivors broke into a lugubrious wail of the forbidden song: "Tyke me over the sea, w're the Allemands can't get at me. Ow, my, I don't want to die. I want to go 'ome."

Some of the sentimental slogans propagated by cheer-leaders in 1917, in the light of subsequent relations between France and the U. S. A., seem no more sensible now than singum-sess and spickity-ree.

One of the foremost members of the advertising business, which is a form of cheer-leading, has given his opinion that the college cheer-leader is by no means as silly as he may seem.

Given his choice between a solemn intellect and a somewhat playful young graduate who led the cheering and busied himself with the affairs of the band in school, he would select the latter specimen as being more likely to make good in advertising, distinguishing, however, between the familiar type of cheer-leader and the common spellbinder.

There is no record of the exact beginning of mass cheering, but it has been traced to the 'seventies, when intercollegiate football was just beginning and baseball was the more popular game.

It occurred spontaneously, the students breaking into measured yells at baseball games with the intent, very unsporting in the English school tradition, to confuse the opposing team, especially the pitcher.

To this day there is no such thing in the English universities, and Prof. Howard Savage of the Carnegie Foundation, in his studies of the sporting customs and manners of the English students, found only one very mild and scarcely comparable form of concerted cheering. This he noticed at Christ Church, whose students have developed a traditional call of "House! House! House!"

Otherwise, he reports, the non-combatant interest in games seems rather weak, except in critical situations, when the English students, becoming hysterical, for English students, remark, "Now then, come along," and, with the passing of the crisis, turn and walk away.

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The Heroes' Heroes

SAND-LOT ball-players look up to Babe Ruth and Pepper Martin—but who did Pepper and Babe look up to when they were sand-lotters?

Frank Graham was curious about this, so, when he went to the last World Series, he took advantage of the presence of a large number of diamond celebrities to ask some questions on the subject. The result of his interviews, a rich collection of baseball reminiscence, he passes on to us in *The Baseball Magazine.*

"Babe Ruth was my hero," said Pepper Martin. And he told Mr. Graham further, "I first took a shine to him when he was pitching for the Red Sox and I was a kid down in Oklahoma. I thought he was the greatest pitcher in the world. And I guess he was. Right then, anyway. The first big kick I ever got out of a World Series I got when he was pitching against the Cubs in 1918. And then he turned around and became the greatest home-run hitter, and that gave me another kick. He showed me he was not only the greatest pitcher of his time, but the greatest ball-player of all time."

Further, the Pepper-pot confided to the writer:

"Do I know him? Yeah. I met him down in Florida last spring when the Yankees came to Bradenton to play an exhibition game against us. I think he's a swell fellow. I don't know whether he'd know me or not. You know how he is, meeting so many people all the time. But I guess maybe he'd know me—now."

IT seemed likely. At the moment Pepper Martin loomed so large on the American scene as to blot out the depression, the Japanese imbroglio, and about everything else, including the Cardinals and the Athletics.

Well, then, who was Babe Ruth's hero?

"Christy!" boomed the Babe. "Sure, Christy Mathewson."

As we read on, we find the Home-Run King paying this tribute:

"Maybe there was a greater pitcher than Matty, but I doubt it.

"And if anybody had suggested it to me when I was a kid in Baltimore and he was pinning the boys' ears back in the National League, I probably would have taken a sock at him, because I was a rough kid in those days. Maybe I didn't always know my lessons, but I always knew how many games Matty had won and lost. I read everything about him that I could get my hands on.

"By the time I got up to the big leagues Matty was just about getting through as a pitcher, but I got to know him when he was managing the Reds, and saw quite a little of him after that, when he was coaching for the Giants and, later, when he was president of the Braves. A great pitcher—and a great fellow who made an impression on baseball that won't wear off as long as the game lasts."

Ty Cobb was Hornsby's hero, and this is what he had to say about him:

"Of course, I never saw Cobb when I was a kid, because the Tigers didn't ever come to Fort Worth, and I didn't ever get very far from it. But as far back as I can remember I wanted to be a great hitter, and I guess there never was a greater hitter than Cobb. So he was my hero and, on account of him, the Tigers were my favorite team, and I followed him and the Tigers through the newspapers every day.

"I first saw him in the spring of 1916, when I was with the Cardinals in training at San Antonio and we went to Waxahachie, where the Tigers trained, to play an exhibition game. I didn't say anything to him and he didn't say anything to me, but I got a thrill out of watching him, because in those days he was plenty good. He handled a bat like a billiard-cue, and he was on fire every time he got on the bases. Later I got to know him real well, and to like him as much as I thought I would when I was a kid."

"Cy Young," said Speaker. "We didn't see any big-league ball-players down around Hubbard, Texas, where I was born and reared, but that didn't stop us from being interested in the big-league teams and players. My favorite team was the Red Sox and my favorite player was Young, who was a sweet pitcher, believe me.

"And here's the strangest—and best—part of the story. When I was sold by Little Rock to the Red Sox in 1908, Young still was pitching for them, and when I reported he was the first to greet me and show a friendly interest in me. In those days a busher breaking in generally had no friends. He was figuratively—and sometimes literally—pushed around and made to feel by the other players that he wasn't wanted, and I got plenty of pushing around from the Red Sox.

"But Young and Lou Criger, his battery mate, took me in hand. I went to live at the same apartment-hotel where they lived, and the aid and encouragement they gave me, both on and off the field, helped me tremendously to put myself over."

AN element of humor "was introduced into the investigation when the question was put to Mel Ott in Freddy Lindstrom's presence," says Mr. Graham as he continues:

"Lindstrom," said Ott, unhesitatingly.

"What!" exclaimed Lindstrom. "What are you trying to do, you young whipper-snapper? Make an old-timer out of me just because I've been leading you around the league by the hand for the last five or six years? You, you—you ant, you!"

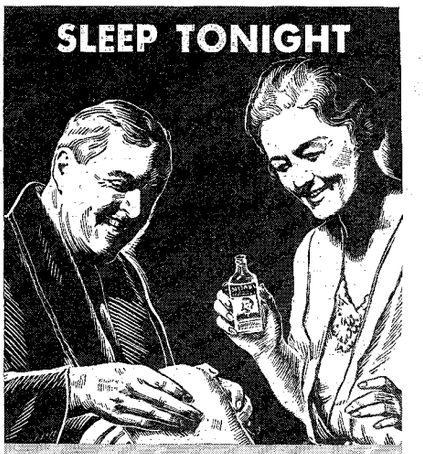
"No," said Ott. "That's on the level, Freddy. You were only eighteen when you broke in with the Giants, had a great year, and starred in the World Series with Washington. But I was only fifteen and was still in school down in Gretna."

He turned to the writer.

"He won't believe me," he said. "He thinks I'm trying to kid him about his being my hero, but it's true. I was fifteen and eager to be a big-league ball-player some day, and here was a boy only three years older than I starring in a World Series. Is it any wonder I was more interested in him than I ever had been in any one ball-player before?"

There was no need to inquire how Ott was imprest by Lindstrom upon meeting him. They have been roommates ever since Mel joined the Giants.

As long as persons parade before the public view there will be hero worship.



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MOTHER: *I knew it would. Damp weather can't bother you with Sloan's in the house!*

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Pat them away—Sleep!

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Working Puzzles to Save Britain

THE POST-CARD FROM TURKEY was blank—save for the postmark, Yozgad, and the address: "Sir Henry Jones, 184 King's Road, Tighnabruaich, Scotland."

Tighnabruaich, as Hayden Church tells us in the New York *Times* Magazine, "is a small village with no King's Road, and only a handful of houses." No such explicit address was needed, and Sir Henry, who was professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, became suspicious.

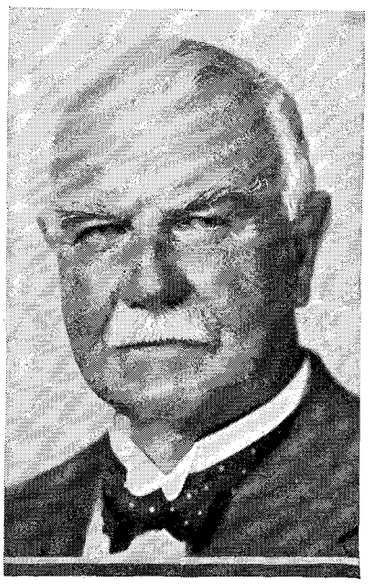
The card was from his son, Lieut. Harry Jones, who, with the fall of Kut during the World War, had been interned in a Turkish prison camp.

The young man was trying to get a message across, his father was sure. So he sent the card to "Room 40," that suite in Whitehall where Sir Alfred Ewing and his staff of cryptographers decoded ciphers so expertly and expeditiously that they were always right up with the Germans. It is of Sir Alfred and his exploits that Mr. Church writes.

The post-card from Yozgad was almost too much for Room 40, but not quite. Finally, we read, "an old Scottish Presbyterian minister suggested a Biblical solution. A reference to verse iv, chapter 18 of the Book of Kings revealed the following:

"Obadiah took an hundred prophets and hid them by fifty in a cave and fed them on bread and water."

"This was interpreted as meaning to convey that the Kut officers were safe in Yozgad, but in need of food. And this proved to be the case."



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War Sleuth and Scientist

Sir Alfred Ewing

MR. CHURCH'S story of Sir Alfred—that "little, gray-haired, seventy-seven-year-old Scot, with bushy eyebrows and shrewd penetrating eyes"—reports his election to the presidency of "that eminent scientific confraternity, the British Association." We read:

To the British Association he is perhaps the greatest living expert on mechanical science.

But to the man in the street the new president is considerably more thrilling as the genius who, during the war, brought Von Tirpitz and the German Admiralty to the verge of frenzy by peeping through their key-holes and reading their minds almost as soon as they knew them themselves.

Sir Alfred until May, 1917, was director of the famous Room 40, the department of the British Admiralty where the confidential orders, dispatches, and political ciphers of the enemy were collected and decoded with unerring precision, and whose existence remained a secret to the end.

To-day, in the academic calm of Cambridge, in a laboratory equipped with the apparatus of a superphysicist, and a study which boasts not a single souvenir of Room 40, he laughs at the suggestion that there was anything uncanny in the results he achieved in Whitehall.

"I was nothing more than an official eavesdropper," he says; adding, with a deprecatory smile, "Not a very noble calling, was it?"

Perhaps not, but the late Lord Balfour, who was First Lord of the Admiralty during the most critical period of the war, declared: "To Room 40, where Sir Alfred Ewing was the leading spirit, the country owes an immense debt of gratitude—a debt which, at the time at least, could never be paid. Secrecy was the very essence of the work, and never was secrecy more successfully observed."

BEHIND the oak doors of the suite in Whitehall that was officially designated Room 40, and that the Admiralty messengers nicknamed "the blinkin' dugout," Sir Alfred took up his counter-espionage duties as an Admiralty man. Of his activities we are told:

He was at that time director of naval education and, incidentally, a member of the explosives committee, having been transferred to that post from Cambridge University, where he had been professor of mechanism and applied mechanics.

"On the day the war began," he said, "I was asked to undertake the task of dealing with enemy cipher. Admiral Sir Henry Oliver, then director of naval intelligence, knowing that I was interested in methods of ciphering, handed me some wireless 'intercepts,' saying that there was no department for dealing with them, and inviting me to attempt the job.

"I got a few friends to come and help me; they worked hard and had remarkable luck.

"The deciphering office was soon established as a separate branch of the Admiralty under my direction; the staff of cryptographers was gradually increased until it numbered about fifty; numerous listening stations were set up, at which the fleet signals and other wireless messages of the enemy were systematically taken in, and from which they were telegraphed to the Admiralty to be deciphered."

In Room 40 at one time as many as 2,000 enemy messages were being deciphered every day with never more than twenty-four hours' delay. The Battle of Jutland was brought about by decoding wireless messages which revealed the Germans' plan to swoop down on the east coast of England, which they believed to be unguarded.

A graph at the Admiralty showed day by day the number of German submarines that failed to return to their base. When the official German figures were available at the end of the war, Room 40 was shown to be only one unit wrong in its calculations.

HERE is one of the problems, "the solving of which became child's play to Room 40":

Two messages from the United States were intercepted on the same day. The first read:

Washington, D. C.

President's embargo ruling should have immediate notice. Grave situation affecting international law. Statement foreshadows ruin of many neutrals. Yellow journals unifying national excitement immensely.

If the first letter of each word is taken, there is revealed the important announcement: "Pershing sails from New York, June 1."

The other message, giving precisely the same announcement if the second letter of each word is taken, reads:

New York.

"Apparently neutrals' protest is thoroughly discounted and ignored. Isman hard hit. Blockade issue affects pretext for embargo on by-products, ejecting suets and vegetable oils."

The deciphering of the code used by Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the United States, took nearly six months and involved the piecing together of thousands of scraps of paper resembling an immense jig-saw puzzle. In this code the name given to the German Foreign Office was "Arthur Foxwell."

But, perhaps, the greatest triumph of Room 40 was the elucidation of a message conveyed by entwining cotton thread in the teeth of a comb. An inspiration suggested that each space between the teeth represented a letter; by unwinding the thread and following its course tooth by tooth a message was puzzled out that led to the discovery of a nest of naval spies.

"Through amazing pieces of good fortune," said Sir Alfred Ewing, "certain of the enemy's code books came into British hands. To take advantage of them, however, there had to be a constant discovery of keying processes, which were liable to be changed, and were, in fact, often changed. In 1916 the Germans contracted a habit of changing the key of their principal naval signal book every night at twelve o'clock; but the deciphering staff of Room 40 had by that time become so expert that the changes caused the night watch no serious embarrassment. They were reading messages in the new key two or three hours later.

"The Zeppelins were remarkably loquacious, especially in telling of their exploits when on their way home. So, too, the submarines would detail their 'bag.' In May, 1915, for instance, *U-20* exultantly reported by wireless cipher her sinking of the *Lusitania*."

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Besides intercepting naval signals, the cryptographers of Room 40 dealt successfully with much political cipher, the account continues:

The isolated position of Germany forced her to resort to wireless and prevented frequent changes of the code books for confidential communication with correspondents abroad. Just as one group of deciphered messages threw useful light in advance on the Easter rebellion in Ireland, so another bared the intrigues of the Germans in Persia.

Sir Alfred Ewing is especially proud of the decoding of the notorious Zimmerman telegram, the publication of which helped to bring the United States into the war.

"The Zimmerman message," he said, "which revealed a conditional offer to Mexico of an alliance against the United States, was deciphered in Room 40 after being intercepted in the manner described in the third volume of the Page Letters. President Wilson was then hesitating on the brink of war, reluctant to plunge, clinging painfully to the idea of neutrality, which seemed to be almost a part of his religion.

"The message was communicated very confidentially by Lord Balfour to Mr. Page and, through the latter, to President Wilson, who gave it to the American press. Its publication was decisive in converting American opinion to the necessity of war."

Ducks From Babe Ruth

AN olive-green silk lounging suit swathed the mighty limbs of the Hercules of home runs. He sank back into the enveloping cushions of the huge easy chair.

His slippered feet he rested on an ottoman, and he drew luxuriously on an enormous briar pipe, with a long curved stem.

Babe Ruth, the hunter, "rested in his spacious apartment after the rigors of the chase."

Rud Rennie had come to call and talk of this and that; and as a result of a domestic crisis which arose during the visit, Mr. Rennie, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, treats us to a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Babe Ruth at home.

The Babe we read "had been chasing wild duck, geese, turkeys, and deer in the woods around New Bern, North Carolina. He was tired.

"He did not stir further than was necessary to remove from his mouth the pipe—such a pipe as Polyphemus, the one-eyed giant, might have puffed. It contained the larger portion of a tin of tobacco, and was good for an hour or more.

"'I ache,' said the Babe. 'I ache all over. And I tript and fell on my face.'"

Then, according to Mr. Rennie's story:

"Oh, Babe." A sweet voice called from another room.

"Yes, honey."

Mrs. Ruth entered, wearing something silk and slinky, looking worried.

"The maid says she simply will not clean thirty-one ducks."

"Well," replied the Babe; "what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing, dear. I'm simply telling you . . . the maid refuses to clean thirty-one ducks."

"Humff!" snorted the Babe; "it isn't every maid has a chance to clean thirty-one ducks."

"Nevertheless," stated Mrs. Ruth patiently, "our maid threatens to quit."

"How about the two geese?" asked the Babe. "Will she clean the two geese?"

"She'll clean the two geese; but she won't"—

"Clean the ducks," finished the Babe. "Yeah, I know." And the Babe burst into a deep chuckle. "I wonder what she'll say when the two deer arrive, horns an' all."

"By that time," replied Mrs. Ruth practically, "she may not be here."

"And she makes such swell spaghetti sauce," said the Babe, pensively. "Gee, how that girl can make spaghetti sauce! Does she know I shot those ducks myself?"

"Apparently," answered Mrs. Ruth; "she does not care who shot them. Your prowess as a hunter leaves her cold. She won't clean them."

"Well," said the Babe, with a sigh; "there's only one thing to do. Call up everybody you know and ask 'em if they want some ducks."

MRS. RUTH departed and applied herself to the distribution of ducks, the reporter relates, adding:

It is good to have a husband who goes forth into the woods every winter and comes out with ducks, geese, and a couple of deer. She appreciates the Babe as a trusty provider, but there are moments when she wishes he would not bring home more than he can conveniently carry. That, or else that she had a maid who loved ducks, geese, and deer in large numbers in a kitchen and did not know how to make spaghetti sauce.

Having been in the woods for a week while the major-league magnates were resolving with great unanimity to cut ball-players' salaries next season, the Babe had to catch up with the news. For this purpose his thoughtful wife had kept all the newspapers. So, while she was telephoning invitations to friends to "have a duck," the Babe perused the sports pages.

"I can't find anywhere," he said, looking up over a newspaper, "anything which says the price of admission to the ball parks will be reduced next season. I see that salaries will be cut; but as far as I can make out the price of admission remains the same. Ah, well, what's the good of saying anything about it? When the time comes to talk about salaries, I'll talk plenty. Until then . . . say, d'you want a duck?"

Picks and Shovels Barred.—A bob-haired, scantily clad flapper was making her application at the pearly gates, and St. Peter was questioning her.

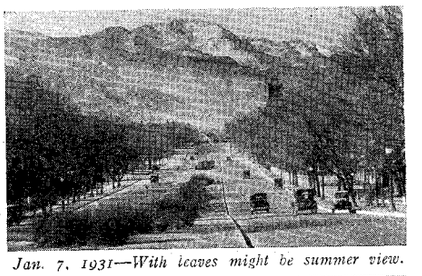
"What was your occupation?" he inquired.

"Men called me a gold-digger," she tittered.

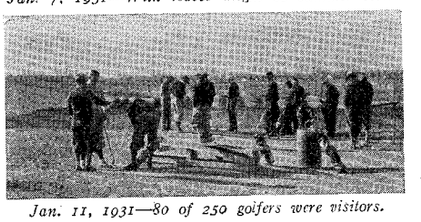
"I'm sorry, but on account of the paving, we can't let you in here."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Note of Omission

WE regret that in our Winter Travel Number mention of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 295 Madison Avenue, New York, was inadvertently omitted from our section devoted to the British Isles.



Jan. 7, 1931—With leaves might be summer view.



Jan. 11, 1931—80 of 250 golfers were visitors.

7th 11th 20th 22nd of January in the Pikes Peak Region

Only two days on which the sun did not shine; sun shining 70% of possible hours; only a hundredth of an inch in measurable precipitation; average direct sun heat temperature of 95 degrees F., and average of 45 "official" maximum temperature for its 31 days—

That was January, 1931, in Colorado Springs and the Pikes Peak Region—pictures of four of the days shown here, and these pictures could have been duplicated almost any January day.

Day by day records and pictures in the "100 Winter Days" booklet give an idea as to why many people are delighted with a stopover here in winter, for which railroads make no extra charge.

This booklet, together with any other information about the city or region will be sent on request to—

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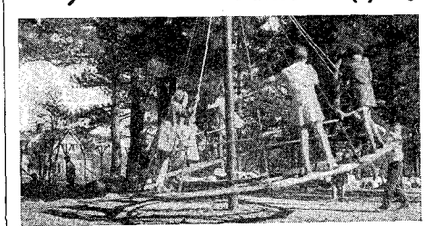
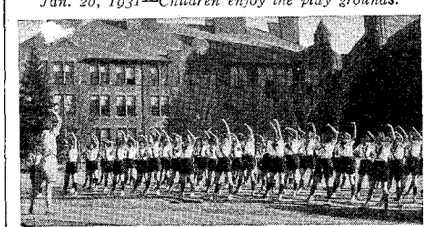
Colorado Springs Manitou and the Pikes Peak Region



Jan. 20, 1931—Children enjoy the play grounds.



Jan. 22, 1931—High School girls' gym class.

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"Profits Are Down, But Never Out"

OF COURSE PROFITS DON'T FLOURISH in hard times. They are severely reduced and ofttimes eliminated altogether.

And yet there is a more cheerful way to think about it.

Vice-President William F. Gephart of the First National Bank of St. Louis has been making a careful study of the subject and has come to the conclusion that these periods of business depression "have only a retarding influence on the underlying trend of corporate profits."

We might put it—profits are down, but are never out. Or, to quote Mr. Gephart again in a recent radio speech published by the University of Chicago Press, "no major depression of the past centuries has resulted in reversing, for more than a very short period, the generally upward trend of industrial earnings."

Business profits during depressions, according to Mr. Gephart's study, "are adversely affected, first, by smaller volumes of output; second, by lower price per unit of product; and third, by inventory losses resulting from raw-material price declines."

Examination of a mass of figures reveals the fact that a large number of corporations report deficits every year, regardless of the general state of trade. Plenty of people can't make money even when times are good. Now we come to Mr. Gephart's study of a representative group of corporations from 1900 to date. During the period 1901–1914 the earnings of this group, which represents each of the major industries and about a sixth of the total corporate income of the country, "show an average annual increase of 1.25 per cent." Then from 1915–1920 the average annual increase of earnings is about 6.2 per cent. And so Mr. Gephart emphasizes the fact that in spite of the three depressions between 1900 and 1914, "the underlying trend of corporate earnings was upward." The banker goes on:

While earnings showed a substantial decline during 1904, most of the loss was recovered in 1905 and a new high level reached in both 1906 and 1907.

Following the depression which began in 1907, corporate earnings showed a sizable recession for 1908, but within two years again reestablished a new high level.

In the depression of 1914, corporate profits again recorded a sizable recession, but within two years had gone into new high ground.

Following 1921, corporate profits reestablished their previous prosperity levels within two years and established new high records in each of the next succeeding five years.

The evidence of this study indicates that depressions have but a temporary influence on the underlying trend of corporate profits. While the decline in profits may be sharper than its succeeding rise, it seldom takes more than a few years for industrial earnings to recover not only all that is lost during a depression, but they have invariably gone into new high ground within a few years.

THEN we are asked to examine the prewar period from 1900 a little more closely. Mr. Gephart finds that during the 1907 depression business volume declined 25 per cent., commodity prices nearly 12½ per cent., and business profits about 26 per cent. In the 1913–14 recession business volume dropt 21 per cent., prices almost 10 per cent., and earnings more than 26 per cent. In 1920–21 volume dropt 34 per cent., prices over 49 per cent., and earnings almost 64 per cent. Now we come to the present depression and find that up to last July business volume dropt off about 40 per cent., and prices dropt more than 32 per cent. Of course 1931 figures for corporate earnings are not yet available, but, says Mr. Gephart, "we know that corporate earnings declined over 25 per cent. during 1930, and various estimates place the decline in 1931 at from 35 to 50 per cent. from the levels of 1929, thus again indicating that the decline in profits will be larger than either that of volume or profits."

But we must pass on to the final conclusions reached by Mr. Gephart after his study of corporation profits during the past thirty years. He finds that:

(a) As might be inferred, corporation net profits generally are adversely affected by periods of depression, but that

(b) Fluctuations in earnings for different industries vary greatly. The newer and developing industries, such as electrical and chemical, and the public utilities, show, on the whole, a higher degree of stability and growth than most of other lines;

(c) The profits in the older industries, such as woolens, cotton, leather, and rubber, whose raw materials are subjected to international competition, are likely to be less stable than many other industries;

(d) Those industries depending more largely for profits on skilful business and marketing organizations, such as the food-distributing industries, are not likely to be so adversely affected by periods of depression. This is largely true because the efficiency in marketing or distributing goods is far behind that of producing them, and there exists much opportunity in the future for profitable enterprise in this field of economic activity;

(e) On the whole, the evidence of this study indicates that periods of depression result in severe decline or total elimination of corporate profits for short periods only;

(f) As a result of the elimination of unsound and extravagant business policies they invariably lay the foundation for a substantial recovery in corporate earnings power within a relatively short period, and ultimately result in the attainment of new high levels for business profits.

For Insuring Bank Deposits

PEOPLE ARE RECKLESS WITH MATCHES.

Some people even set fire to their own houses.

People eat themselves into their graves, and every once in a while some one commits suicide.

Yet all this is not considered a valid argument against life insurance and fire insurance. So argues *The Business Week*, in declaring that we must sooner or later set up some kind of system for insuring bank deposits, and that it won't do just to say that it is all a matter of good banking management.

The editor is fully aware of all the dangers and difficulties involved, and also of what has happened to various State deposit guaranty systems. But he insists that one of our basic problems is that of preserving the confidence of the average citizen in the security of his savings. It is not simply a matter of banks "busting" in hard times—"the deplorable record of bank failures in this country since the war has no parallel anywhere in the world, and proves that we have here a permanent problem of banking insecurity, not merely one of depression."

No economically civilized country, we read on, should tolerate the strain of such insecurity—"at all times we owe something in the way of assurance to the citizen who entrusts his savings, or the business concern that leaves its cash resources to the care of our banking system." To quote more—

Insurance is a cooperative principle which helps to reduce risk by spreading the burden and supplying some incentive to greater safety.

We see no reason why it should not be applied to the protection of bank deposits.

The fact that it has failed where applied locally proves no more than that it is impossible for a single community alone to insure itself successfully against death or fire. It must, of course, be applied on a national scale so as to spread the risk widely over diverse conditions, and be coupled with machinery for enforcing uniform standards of banking practise.

The risk is easily calculable on an actuarial basis.

Even in the epidemic conditions of the past ten years it is so small compared with the total of deposits that the reserve required for protection against actual losses from bank liquidation would be relatively small, and the burden upon the banking system as a whole would be slight.

If all deposit banks were brought into the Reserve system where they belong, there would be no possibility of competitive discrimination which would increase the risk or the cost, and the insurance system could be administered cheaply and efficiently.

Sooner or later the banking system must be moved to attempt this kind of cooperation in the interest of banking progress and the preservation of public confidence.

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The Trained Woman in the Depression

"TWO years ago she had a gift shop and tea-room de luxe from which she cleared $6,000 a year. Last May, after paying off all indebtedness, she closed the shop and, with $300 in her pocket to tide her over, began to look for work. It took her five months to find any sort of position, and she is now engaged as housekeeper for a millionaire."

"The experience of this woman," continues a statement by the American Woman's Association, of New York City, "is typical of the adjustment to the present business crisis made by women in the upper level of economic life." How they fare is revealed by a survey made by the Association in cooperation with the President's Emergency Committee for Employment.

"Valuable findings and some surprizes" result from the investigation, observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, pointing out that the survey included 2,000 women, "representing a cross-section of the upper stratum of self-supporting women in the arts, professions, and business world." And—

It appears, first, that this fortunate group has, on the whole, suffered less from actual unemployment than women as a whole in the city of New York. The number of jobless women was estimated as 15 per cent. of all female workers by the Welfare Council in August, whereas the per cent. of the jobless in the American Woman's Association was 6.2 in February, 1931, and has since risen to 8 per cent.

More than one-quarter of the total membership had, however, suffered salary reductions or loss of incomes from their business. These figures owed at least part of their optimistic slant, moreover, to the presence in the membership of schoolteachers with guaranteed salaries and tenure of office, and of social workers, librarians, civil-service employees, and many others with stable incomes.

It is in the fields offering the greatest risk and demanding the most adventuresome spirit that the percentage of disaster has been highest. Women who ventured into business connections which paid from $7,000 to $10,000 annually have been the heaviest losers from unemployment (14.3 per cent.), while those in the median group earning from $3,000 to $7,000, were most stable, only 5.8 suffering unemployment. It is, of course, no surprize that in the lowest salaried groups, earning from $1,000 to $3,000, there was again a heavy unemployment peril (8.6 per cent.).

Light on many other interesting aspects of feminine careers comes from this survey. It shows, for example, that 40 per cent. of the so-called free and independent women are responsible in part for the support of other persons, and that 12 per cent. are the sole support of at least one person.

It shows, also, that the woman over thirty-five is in less danger of losing her position than the youngster just beginning to make a place for herself in the business world, altho after forty-five she is again in peril of losing her job. Moreover, it appears that an employee of long service is less likely to be discharged in a crisis than the one who flits from job to job.

8 Decades of Expansion

1852—1932

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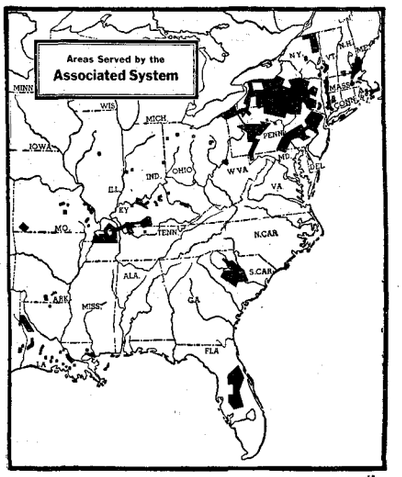

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Approach of the "Plastic Age"

WHEN THE NEXT BULL MARKET COMES, the big chance is likely to be in the new industries. And one of those new industries which is exciting interest is that of synthetic plastics.

So enthusiastic are the leaders in the plastic industry that they are already talking of the "plastic age."

Thus introducing the subject, Messrs. F. A. Hessel and Sydney Self proceed in *Barron's Weekly* to offer a little information about the new industry.

We are reminded that "modern plastics are usually materials, formed by the combinations of certain chemicals with each other, which may be molded into shape." The importance of these products lies in their diversity, and even more in "the fact that plastic raw material may be directly converted to the desired shape, with practically no loss of material and at an expenditure of time and labor considerably less than that required to shape the article from rough stock by machining or cutting operations."

Moreover, plastics are likely to be strong, resilient, weather-proof, and easily polished and decorated. Probably the first plastic was papier-mâché, which the Chinese knew about centuries ago, and in modern times those made with first, resin, and then, wax, shellac, and hard rubber were long the only ones in use. The writers classify the new types of plastics as follows:

1. Cellulose derivatives. This group includes nitro-cellulose derivatives, of which "pyroxylin" products are the best known, and cellulose acetate derivatives, such as "lumarith." In both cases the initial raw material is cellulose treated with a mixture of nitric and sulfuric acid, in the case of nitro-cellulose products, or with acetic acid and acetic anhydrid in the case of the acetate products.
2. Casein derivatives. There the raw material is casein, a by-product of the milk industry, which is treated with various chemicals, of which the principal is formaldehyde.
3. Phenolic derivatives. A large number of products come under this classification. They are the results of the action of an aldehyde, principally formaldehyde, upon a phenolic substance, principally phenol (carbolic acid) itself, and cresol. Depending upon the manufacturing process, a large variety of products having widely diversified properties may be obtained. The best known phenol formaldehyde products are those sold under the trade name of "Bakelite."
4. Urea derivatives. In this case the raw material is urea, which was one of the first organic compounds prepared synthetically, and is now manufactured on a large scale as a nitrogen-bearing fertilizer. The plastics are usually formed by the action of formaldehyde under well-defined operating conditions.
5. Miscellaneous. Some of the other more promising plastics, but which so far have not been very important commercially, are glyptals made from glycerol and phthalic anhydrid, vinylite from vinyl acetate, and the "sugar" plastics. This type of material which uses sugar as one of the raw materials is still in the experimental stage, but gives promise of a substantial development in the near future.

PRESENT uses of plastic, we are reminded, include electrical, telephone, and radio supplies, and fittings of all kinds; automobile and aviation accessories, parts and fittings; a wide range of novelties, including ash-trays, clock cases, hand-bag frames, ornaments, toilet ware, table ware, and other similar uses too numerous to name; furniture parts and interior trim, including door-knobs and window-sills, and parts for nearly every kind of modern device such as refrigerators, vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, pianos, sewing-machines, textile machinery, book-keeping machinery, and so on.

The plastic industry has grown rapidly. In 1914 it was one of about $15,000,000 with only a few products. By 1930 the figure had grown to around a quarter of a billion dollars. Few figures are available to indicate the advance in individual industries. From 1920 to 1929, the production of phenol resins increased from 4,000,000 to 33,000,000 pounds. Twice as much formaldehyde was produced in 1929 as in 1924. As we read on:

The production of hexa-methylenetetramine, a derivative of formaldehyde, increased from 1,300,000 pounds in 1927 to 2,400,000 pounds in 1929, and this almost entirely because of the demands of the plastic industry.

The advance made by the casein plastics is demonstrated by the fact that since their introduction practically every button factory has adopted the use of these materials.

So important have the pyroxylin plastics become that in 1929 25,000,000 pounds of the raw materials required for their manufacture were produced.

CHEMICAL research and large scale manufacture are making the materials used in the plastic industry steadily cheaper. The trends of the day, so we read, "indicate a continuing and expanding demand for plastics and molding materials."

Secrets of French Strength

WHY FRANCE HAS BEEN relatively unscathed by the present depression is a matter of wide conjecture.

Not long ago Premier Laval gave the press a few reasons for French prosperity.

A somewhat more detailed explanation is offered in a recent letter of the investment house of Paine, Webber & Company. The writer for this Wall Street house suggests that "the French economic pattern is admirably designed to withstand depression." Of course, he adds, the price for stability must be paid for. And France, he says, is willing to accept a lower standard of living in return for economic balance and security.

At any rate, here are the reasons given for France's strength:

1. Of four leading commercial nations, United States, England, Germany, and France, the latter country has largest percentage of its population on farms or rural districts—somewhat over half. Practically all of France is adapted to a diversified agriculture, and most paysans contrive to produce major part of their own food requirements on their land. Gardens are an important part of French farms. Each individual paysan is diversified. Moreover, the farmer is not laden with debt. His earnest desire is to be debt-free, and to that end he uses but little power machinery. In France, about 80 per cent. of family heads own land; in United States about 10 per cent.; in England only 5 per cent. Where a population lives close to the soil, with only 20 per cent. of its workers competing for urban employment, conditions can not become forbidding.
2. This distribution of population over the land may be exprest reversewise. Except for Paris, which has been built by small increments of slow growth since the fifth century, no city exceeds 650,000. Except for Paris, Marseilles, Lyon, Bordeaux, and Lille, named in order of size, no city contains more than 200,000 inhabitants. In United States, five cities hold more than one million; eleven cities more than 650,000. Concentration of workers in industrial cities becomes a problem in depression; lack of this concentration in France is a comfort.
3. France is least industrial of four principal nations, but its agricultural-industrial balance is most perfect. It is more self-contained, and its industrial equipment is not overcapacitated. When depression comes, less machinery becomes idle. Return on capital shrinks less.
4. Agriculture and industry, country and town, are tied in with a system of municipally controlled markets. Throughout France consumers meet farmers and tradesmen at these markets where a wide variety of produce is sold at prices which dispose of the goods.
5. Sole proprietorships and small establishments have a large place in France, not to exclusion of large corporations, but to advantage of small owner who, with his family, may be combined capitalist-entrepreneur-worker. Tho profits may shrink, small merchant, usually debt-free, has yet a place where some return for wages accrues.
6. France traditionally maintains a large gold coverage for central bank-note and deposit liabilities. Deposit currency (bank deposits) exceeds twice money in circulation. Thus currency and bank credit are not erected into a dangerous pyramid on a given gold base.
7. French temperament limits its hope. A relatively stable population, French business men can plot no curves of secular growth, nor fantastic sales budget. A conservative return on a fairly stable volume is about the best to be expected. With thoughts of unearned increments and appreciation out of mind in favor of investment for sake of income, and with debts and overexpansion avoided, there is no painful retribution.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

O. K., All But.—"Is that a real diamond?"

"Well, very nearly."—*The Humorist (London).*

Excuse It, Please. — TIMID HOUSEHOLDER (resourcefully, after discovering two burglars at work)—"D-d-don't take any n-notice of me—I'm only walking in my s-s-sleep."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Kisses Are Currency. — MRS. BROWN—"I saw Mary kissing the milkman this morning."

MR. BROWN — "Good heavens! Wasting time on him when we owe the grocer $20."—*Hummel.*

Try Clam Patties.—LARKES—"When my wife gets indigestion, she doesn't talk to any one for a week."

SPARKES—"What kind of pastry did you say you buy for her?"—*Chicago News.*

Death-Blow. — MADGE (after friends' tiff)—"Of course you speak to Helen when you pass her on the street."

MABEL—"Indeed I do not. Why, I don't even notice what she has on."—*Boston Transcript.*

Strictly Painless.—"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you can not have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf-bag and went out.—*Juggler.*

March of the Seasons.—
The bathers and the boatmen fly,
The golfers and the blimps depart;
The fox hunt fills the news-reel eye
And soon the ski-jump views will start.
—*New York Sun.*

Might Freshen Him Up. — MOVIE QUEEN FLO—"Why do you look so downhearted, dearie?"

MOVIE QUEEN JO—"My lawyer just advised me that owing to the general depression I had better use my old husband another season."—*Laughs.*

Living Up to the Audience. — Jimmy Dunn writes to tell me about the English actor who received a rebuke from a director.

"Go on," he said, "drop your aitches, can't you?"

"I'm supposed to be acting the part of a British peer," argued the Englishman.

"I know that," said the director, "but all you English drop your aitches, don't you?"

"Good gracious, no!" the Englishman responded.

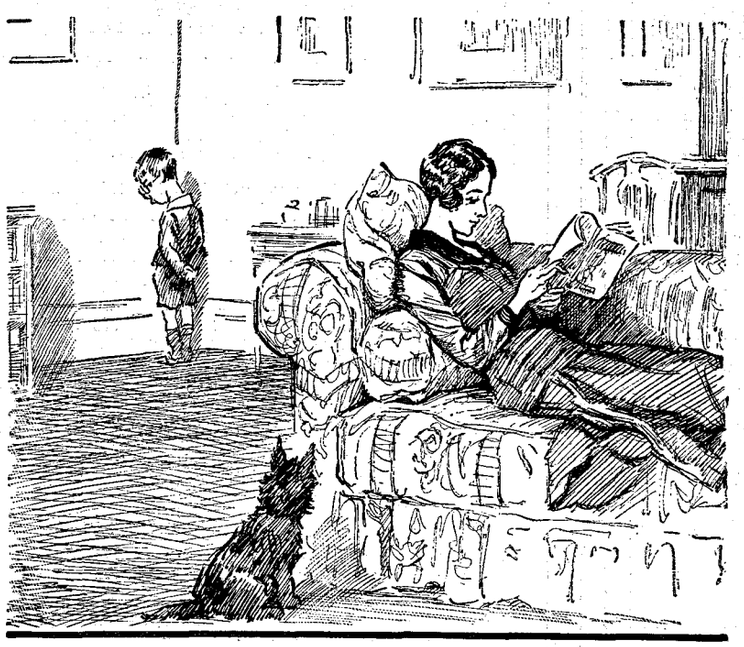
The director pondered a moment and then said, "Well, drop 'em anyhow. The guys on this side expect it!"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Rubbing It In.—"Didn't you have any luck at the races?"

"Luck! When my horse passed me I leaned over the fence, pointed, and yelled: "They went up that way."—*Hudson Star.*

School Facilities Okay. — "This book of Universal Knowledge will tell you everything you ought to know," declared the agent at the door.

"Don't need it," growled Mr. Grouch, "my wife tells me all that—and a lot more besides."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



"Really, Mother, if you persist in this treatment of me, I shall develop an inferiority complex."
—"The Humorist" (London).

Account Overdrawn.—DOCTOR—"This is a very sad case, very sad indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."

MR. PECK—"I'm not at all surprized, doctor. She's been giving me a piece of it every day for fifteen years."—*New Haven Register.*

Mighty Particular.—A wealthy society lady had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her in the duties of waiting on the table.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take the plates from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl condescendingly. "What's the matter, superstitious or something?"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

He Who Gets Sat On.—
He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear,
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tacklers on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.—*Beanpot.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Perfect Optimist.—Irv—Job waiting; wife very ill; everything O. K.—*Ad in The Chicago Tribune.*

Government in Wonderland.—
CAROL'S CABINET QUILTS
—*Galveston (Tex.) paper.*

Medical Novelty.—Mrs. M. broke her arm recently. She is recovering nicely under the car of Dr. Downs.—*Riverside (N. J.) paper.*

Oh, What a Surprize!—Mrs. Edwin H. —— was in a becoming bouquet of tea roses in shades of pink and buff.—*San Antonio Light.*

He Says a Mouthful.—A great economist is one who can tell you, after an event, just lory Taylornn sh sh sh sh shshs.—*Baltimore News.*

Better Pick an Easy Mark. — In the morning at 10.30, the choir will sing "Sock Ye the Lord," Roberts.—*Springfield (Mass.) Daily News.*

Believe It or Not.—Coffee-Ham—Richard W. Coffee, 1641 N. Dover st., and Daisy N. Ham, 811 S. 49 st.—*Marriage license notice in The Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Playing in Luck.—Lightning struck the Italian foreign office and escaped unhurt as Mussolini was absent.—*El Paso paper.*

King High.—Two members of the commission presented a minority report asking that Alfonso's punishment be limited to explosion and the loss of his rights as a Spanish citizen.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Some Enjoy Poor Health.—The regular meeting of the Woman's Relief corps was held in Union Hall last evening. Due to sickness and other attractions there was only a small attendance.—*Winsted (Conn.) paper.*

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FOUL
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